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THE NATION POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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LIVE COON SANDWICH.

THE PICTURESQUE RESULTS OF MISCEGENATION AS ILLUSTRATED DAILY IN THE PERSON OF AN ETHIOPIAN SWELL AND HIS CAUCASIAN FAMILY IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
183 William St., New York.

We have a cursory way of viewing hypocrites, you say? Very true! Cursory indeed, since we don't care a curse for them.

By the death of Frank Queen many a bright but improvident dweller in Bohemia has lost a good friend, and the mourning for him is sincere.

JUDGE JEFFRIES of Denver has lost the championship. Judge Fullerton of New York is now the POLICE GAZETTE's champion liar, and to him is awarded the belt.

MORE criminals captured through the aid of the POLICE GAZETTE's portraits. No wonder the Texas Legislature and other cowboys and lawless characters generally don't like us.

THE storm centre of scandal has been in New York city for several weeks, and even Chicago has been left out in the cold during that time. It was about time the metropolis should come to the front.

THE lesson of a late scandalous trial: An American jury will not endorse a man who goes on the stand to give away his intimate relations (even through true) with a woman. Only this and nothing more.

It is a very queer law that makes a news company responsible for the sins of an editor; and it's a very queer editor who will dodge behind a news company when he is called to account for his misdeeds. Let whom the shoe fits, wear it.

SOME one remarked in court the other day that Ernest Harvier, the witness in the Marie Prescott case, fully reported in another column, is "a two cent Mephistopheles." Oh, no—he is a lesser sample of Mephisto than that—he's a "little one for a cent"—and a bad scent at that.

As a hero of romance the bandit Frank James doesn't pan out for a cent. All he seems to want is peace. The genuine bandit of the yellow covered literature wants only gore. Therefore Frank will no longer fill the bill. The small boy is looking about for a new hero made of better stuff.

STRANGE, isn't it, that the fairest of women is generally the most unfair when dealing with women? The perfect angel in the sight of men is a perfect devil when dealing with the sins of her sex. The proof of this is found in the green-room reviews of the scandalous evidence in a late dramatic cause celebre.

AND now the last prop has been knocked from under the turf of New York by the decision of Judge Van Brunt that book-making is illegal. Next we may expect to have some authority decide that the breeding of fast horses is immoral, and the Young Men's Christian Association will offer a prize for the best essay on "The Chastity of Mares."

Now that an actress is a winner in court, why don't some of the highly moral and virtuous theatrical managers go for a stake and clear their consciences. The public is hungering for Sammy of the Entrails and Old Slime and expects them to come up smiling. It is to be hoped they will not all conceal themselves behind the skirts of women and let them bear all the brunt of battle. Time, old chap!

THE devil may take care of his own, but we think we have a valid complaint against him when he allows his honest and avowed followers to be trampled on by hypocrites who will not wear his uniform, but prefer the imitation livery of heaven. Really, old Satan must do better by the faithful or we're going back on him, dead sure.

No, we will not mend our ways. Let the parsons howl because we will not give over our exposure of their little games. We'll only howl back. We'll not subscribe to the religious goody good hypocrisy of the time that even pervades journalism. It's a toss up either way—they say we'll be damned if we don't; we say we'll be damned if we do. There, now!

CERTAIN disreputable parties of Denver, Colo., who attempted to pass themselves off as agents of the POLICE GAZETTE for blackmailing purposes, but whose pretensions were promptly exposed by us, are still abroad, we understand, and intent on mischief. Look out for them. When they threaten, keep your money and let out your fists. They are blackmailers and have no authority to use our name for their base purposes.

It has become the fashion in the West for wives to cowhide their husbands when they object to their having a lover or two on the quiet as a recreation. This was the grievance of Mrs. Henry Clay Morrow, who on the 11th inst. cowhided Mr. Henry Clay Morrow in the street. He had left her because she frequented houses of bad repute and wanted to enlarge the area of her love, and she employed the cowhide to revive in him the sense of his marital duties.

THE circulation of the POLICE GAZETTE is a wonder. It has kept on week after week for a year jumping by thousands, with no prospect of attaining a limit unless possible it takes in as its subscribers every man, woman and child in the world. Our horizon is limitless it seems, and yet we are not too proud—only just proud enough to please our old friends and to make new ones every day in countless numbers. It must be our modesty that is our mascot. That's it.

To that illogical and over-boastful portion of the dramatic profession who show a disposition to grow arrogant over the result of the suit of the actress Marie Prescott, against the News Company, we say: Don't make any mistakes; that verdict simply means that the jury was not willing to encourage witnesses of the Harvier class who give away private letters and make confessions of love, whether true or false. That's all there is to it. On other points the jury's head is perfectly level, and you shouldn't forget it if you contemplate speedily parading your mangled characters in court.

THE monopolist coterie were a little "too soon" in capturing the news through the telegraph wires with the design of doctoring it for their own wicked ends. They gave away their plot in a measure, and started a whirlwind in the press which they had no little difficulty in dodging. Having cast oil on the troubled waters, Gould and Don't-Care-a-Damn-Vanderbilt and the rest of them will watch for another chance to sail in the teeth of gales of public opinion and breezes of popular prosperity. They are bound to be swamped in the end though, for they will succeed in raising such a storm that all the oil they can command will not be sufficient to calm the angry billows. They'd better get out their life-preservers right away.

THE prominent citizens of Tennessee are passing away very rapidly. Three of the richest church members of Knoxville, Tenn., shot each other dead in the street on the 11th inst., just as if they were savages and had never gone to church or never even lived where they could hear the infernal clanging of "the church-going bell." There isn't so much difference between saints and sinners after all, when you come down to fine points now is there? Only, perhaps, when a fellow goes out on a shooting match it is better to go into church training a month or two ahead to secure a ticket for a front seat in heaven from those scalpers—the parsons. So trained, he has the advantage of not being obliged to go into the "pit" when he hands in his checks. This practical religious view of ours will probably make thousands of converts, and we claim credit for it. We think the scalpers should pray for us to the end that the manager of the show put us down as a dead-head for the show, on the ground that we have been "running the press" in its interest. When we see even the Tennessee fighting quality reserving places in advance before going out to murder each other, we begin to think that we who never murdered any one, and don't intend to, should have at least dead-head admission to a little corner of the gallery. Oh, a great thing is religion, if you know how to use it for your own benefit.

LAST week was a rich one in religious circles. Two Sunday-school superintendents found out, and three parsons have their backs uncovered. If you wish to keep up with the tricks of the pulpit, the vestry, the organ loft and the prayer-meeting, read our religious department. For genuine news the POLICE GAZETTE is the only real live religious paper published.

MARIE PRESCOTT has commenced another suit against the American News Company, this time for \$25,000 for endeavoring to blacken her character in court in order to break her case down. The company probably understand by this time what chivalry is worth in a court of law. If they had not put Harvier on the stand, it is a question if Miss Prescott would have got more than nominal damages. So much for trusting a dirty dog even to do one's dirty work.

THE POLICE GAZETTE is not an agent for the gratification of private malice, but a pure and honest medium of news. We find it necessary to remind several casual correspondents of this fact. We have no spite to indulge, and we don't propose to give expression to that of other people. We deal in news and don't wish to domineer over or terrorize anyone. We're not that kind of a hairpin, and don't you forget it.

THE tailors and the coal dealers are howling because the cold weather holds back and their trade isn't pushed. Monopolists haven't got control of the laws of Nature yet, however, and the workingman grins over the fact. If cold weather could be made to order Jay Gould and Field and Vanderbilt and their little coterie would have a corner in it, and a patent on the machinery for its manufacture. But that's a point where they get left.

How have the mighty fallen! The lawyer Fullerton, the braggart bully-ragger of Beecher, gets a clean knock-out in court from the POLICE GAZETTE, after challenging and insisting on the meeting, and then instead of coming up for the second round, sneaks whining behind the hastily extemporized bulwark of a lawyer's lie. Well, old man, we thought you were a tougher nut. You must be getting in the mental sere and yellow leaf. There's something wrong with you, anyhow. The next time you tackle the POLICE GAZETTE we rather think you will not under-rate your antagonist. You've only to rub your figurative sore head to be reminded.

JUDGING from the latest news, the cowboy Legislature of Texas has been cutting loose since they ruled the POLICE GAZETTE out of the State. The outrages, murders, frauds and irregularities of every sort reported from that section prove how powerful we were in keeping these disreputables of office in bounds. The dirty legislative ostriches are not concealed from us, however. Let them not think they have buried their heads so that they cannot see the POLICE GAZETTE. They have still left their most vulnerable parts exposed to its kicks. They had better brace themselves well with props of moral "true goodness," for we're going to kick with vigor until they come out of their holes.

WE hope Judge Fullerton is not the only lawyer who has learned a lesson from recent events in court. The usually keen Judge insisted on dragging the editor of the POLICE GAZETTE into court as a witness in the case of Marie Prescott, the actress. He would hear no protests, but arrogantly insisted that the editor of this paper should go on the stand and rake over filth at the counsel's sweet will and pleasure. We warned him in advance that even he, with all his shrewdness, could not make anything nasty out of the POLICE GAZETTE, and he got the worst tumble he ever received in his profession. He was literally stood upon his head in Græco-Roman fashion. Then he took cowardly refuge behind the falsehood that the editor had got himself on the witness stand through his own efforts, whereas he knew that all along the editor of this paper had protested he did not wish to testify and had no facts to advance for either side. Fullerton chose to take the risk, and when he got a square back fall on his own ground lied about it in his chagrin. You needn't be ashamed of it though, Judge—we've tumbled bigger men than you in our time, and we can do it again. Right here let us correct a false impression. This paper deals in news—not in filthy lies and dirty romances. It photographs crime and catches in its camera live rumors and scandals as they fly, and dishes them up with a sauce piquant a la POLICE GAZETTE. We are not the scavenger of journalism, and do not rake in garbage heaps for love of it, or to please any lawyer. The employees of the POLICE GAZETTE are gentlemen incapable of stabbing women in the back and producing love letters in evidence. No one capable of such meanness of soul could remain employed on this paper a single hour after he had proven himself so poorly equipped in the instincts of a gentleman. The next lawyer who has dirty work to be done will please remember this when he casts his eyes on the POLICE GAZETTE. We don't pretend. We are.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humour and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

THE lah-de-dah cigarette smoking young man is affectionately referred to by a western paper as "third-class male matter."

"JOHNNIE," said mamma to her little son, "didn't I tell you not to eat that candy until after dinner?" "Johnnie, who licks?" "I ain't eating the candy, I'm only thucking the jultie."

A new perfume, called "Klasmie," is advertised. When an inexperienced clerk asks a pretty young lady what she will have, and she says "Klasmie," he—well; put yourself in his place.

"THERE is not much seasoning in this dressing," said Brown at the dinner table. "No," replied Fogg, "Mrs. Scrimpen has a good deal to do, and she tries to save all the thyme she can."

THAT was a rather unkind remark which a crabbed old fellow made the other day to one of those nice little boys who smoke cigarettes and offered him one. "No, thank you," he said; "I'm old enough to smoke cigars."

"Do you like candy, ma?" asked a little Austin boy of his mother. "No, my son; it makes me deathly sick." "I am so glad to hear it. You are the kind of a woman I can trust to hold my candy for me until I'm done playing."

"No, sir," said the man, "you needn't tell me a woman ever had her dress pocket picked. I don't believe a thief could discover it. I know I've tried for two hours to find the pocket of one of my wife's dresses, and had to give it up."

"WHERE is you hired now, Matildy?" "I'm working now for most 'spectable high-toned folks. Dey am well fixed, shore." "Has dey got silverware and sitch?" "I should say so. Dey has silver tin pans and de copper biler am pure gold."

A COUNTRY physician in Fort Worth, Texas, met a case of small-pox and made the following diagnosis: "Erysipelas from the toes to the knees, measles from the knees to the waist, and seven years itch from the waist to the top of the head."

A WASHINGTON gambling house has been converted into a church. In the near future, when a patron of the old place wanders into church and finds a fair, with its raffles, grabbags and "chanceing," in full blast, he will feel right at home, and want to bet fifty dollars on the ace.

A PROVISION broker of Chicago, in conversation with a New Yorker, speaking of the stagnation in business, said: "Why, it is a positive fact that there are less than two hundred thousand dressed hogs in Chicago to-day." His friend replied in astonishment, "Why, I thought your population something over half a million."

LITTLE Freddie was undergoing the disagreeable operation of having his hair combed by his mother and he grumbled at the manoeuvre. "Why, Freddie," said mamma, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed." "Yes," replied the youthful party, "but your hair ain't hitched to your head."

JENNY JUNE in one of her fashion letters says that leather as applied to jackets is not quite new. Jinks says he should say not! He well remembers the day when he considered an application of leather to his jacket as something so altogether old as to be no longer novel, and longed for the day when it would be no longer fashionable.

"WHAT a man your father is!" exclaimed Mrs. Homespun, looking up from the letter she held in her hand. "He says he has bought a French clock, and shall bring it home with him. What will it be good for except as an ornament? None of us can tell the time by it, unless you can, Edith. You know something about French, don't you?"

"WELL, Uncle Mose," said Rev. Baxter, "I expect your poor wife must be nearly worn out taking care of you while you were sick. If ever there was a woman that deserved Heaven, it is your wife. She am de deserventest woman in Austin." "Yes," said Mose, "dat's a fac; and I have been prayin' to de Lor to gib her what she deserves right off."

A CHICAGO man, too lazy to work, too proud to go to the poor-house and too honest to steal, determined to commit some genteel offense which would give him free board and lodging in prison without leaving a stain upon his reputation. He therefore started out and began kissing all the girls he met. Before he could find one who would order his arrest he starved to death.

"WHAT other business do you follow besides preaching?" was asked of an old colored man. "I speculate a little." "How speculate?" "Sells chickens." "Where do you get the chickens?" "My boys fetch em in." "Where do they get them?" "I don't know, sah. I've allers been busy with my preachin' dat I ain't got time to ax. I was gwine to inquire de odder day, but a 'rival came on an' took up all my time."

A BOY rushed to his father's parlor and out of breath: "Pa! We've got away with the Klac-Ays and laid 'em out, you bet your sweet life—score forty-seven to nothing. I manipulated the sphere and sent hot ones over into the man in the cage, and when Dick pounded the leather you order me Sammy put up for the field. I roped in a triple baggar, stole home, and Johnny scared 'em by two double baggar. I tell you it was a lively diamond, and the umpire was awful rank."

"I TELL you, Sam, dat dare a heap in that sayin' about de 'arly bird catches de worm. Dis mornin' I got up jess about day to get me a tonic at desaloon and de fist object I sot eyes on when I got outen in de street was a portmanla." "What new disease am dat ar?" "A portmanla, you cussed fool, am a money puss wid \$10 in hit." "Dat's de berry puss dare a dollar reward offered for at de newspaper office." "I know hit Sam, but I'm not gwine ter take hit dar, becase den all my friends will say dat I returned dat puss jess to hab folks say dar was one honest niggah in Austin; dat I wanted ter git myself puffed in de papers and hab folks talk about my honesty; dat I was a boastful niggah. Radder den hab my motives misunderstood by dis heah Austin public, I'll squander de las' dollar ob dat money in riotous libin'." "I'll do all I kin, Sam, to help yer outer yer dilemmer." They disappeared, to slow music, in the direction of a barrel-house saloon.

STAGE WHISPERS.

And Now They All Begin To Give Themselves Away.

A Whirlwind of Dramatic Scandal That Has Shaken Thespis' Temple and Toppled Its Obscene Gods.

SALVINI has arrived and comes up smiling to meet his two leading ladies. Now get the hospitals ready for the great Italian.

THE Jersey Lily, the Prince's mash, will carefully conceal her big feet on her first appearance. She is billed to play *Heater Grasebrook* in "An Unequal Match" to begin the agony, and *Heater* wears long skirts.

FANNY DAVENPORT has made a success in London and now the New York Eel flops up from his dirty dramatic tank and claims that he made her. If long circulated rumor is to be believed he didn't make but unmade her in his managerial capacity.

As though our cup were not already full, here comes the announcement that Dan Harkins is on his way back to us via London to join McCullough, Keene and Barrett-Brannigan in howling tragedy. Oh, don't, Dan, don't; have mercy, pray.

MAUD GRANGER is going out starring in short hair and with an interesting sick-room air about her. She's another who feels that she has been "vindicated," which means that she has acquired a new mail of brass. Who is "putting up" this time, we wonder?

WHAT actress of the whole caboodle could bear the ordeal of the publication of her private letters? And yet the vicious way in which the gossips of the green-room reviewed the details of the Prescott scandal as they appeared in the court records would lead to the inference that they never wrote such things. Oh, no, of course not.

TONY PASTOR, enraged at the reputation given his theatre during his absence, has changed its name to the "Bon Ton." Not only a change of name but the free use of fumigating pans was required after the brief occupancy of the theatre by Alice Oates. Think of it in time, Tony. The public has a long nose, remember, and a delicate stomach.

OLD man Wallack hasn't got over his rage yet and "h'Arthur, me boy" keeps out of range of the paternal boot. That awful bad company has set the old man off into a series of spasms. He recovered sufficiently last week, however, to telegraph to London for Osmond Tearle, his leading man of last year, to come back to him and Osmond is now on the sea, hastening to his relief.

LITTLE John Chatterton (Peregrini) the opera singer, was the prize baby at the first baby show given in New York in Barnum's old museum, corner of Broadway and Ann street. We guess the ladies have soured on him since. For a dead certainty they don't fondle him so much as a full grown calf as they did when he was in the uncertain infantile condition. Alas, your prize baby does not always make a prize man.

TEXAS is keeping up its bad reputation in a dramatic way as well as in every other. Callender's colored minstrels undertook to give an entertainment two or three weeks ago in Marshall, the town where the ruffian Currie killed the actor Ben Porter. The troupe was mobbed by roughs, driven off the stage and the members were lucky to escape from the town with their lives. The cowboy legislature is carrying the state back to barbarism very rapidly, it seems.

TONY PASTOR has got back to town at last. Considering the dearth of decent variety entertainment in New York we have cause to congratulate ourselves, for if anybody knows how to give a clean yet spicy show Tony does. Besides, the little theatre in Fourteenth street needs purifying. It has had a sorry lot of dramatic rottenness dished up in it since Tony went on his travels. However, he is back, and O. K. is no name for it, as the public will admit.

THAT'S a fine combination that Chimpanzee John is trotting around. Minnie Palmer is a dead imitation of Lotta in full bloom of idiosyncrasy; the big zawk Graham imitates Joe Emmett, and Johnny Rogers imitates the antics and manners of the man monkey of olden dramatic fame. What a base metal combination is this trying to pass for gold! Here is the season hardly begun, and they dare not go far from New York, for the public has detected the counterfeit already and rejects it all over the regular circuits.

BIRCH & BACKUS, that dismal pair of humbugs and snides are so full of their kind of wit that it overflows into their advertisements. They state that "the box office is open for sale of seats six years in advance," and again, "dead heads will form two blocks away and stay there." Funny, isn't it? This is a sample of the style of joke you'll have to endure if you visit the San Francisco Minstrel's performance. We reproduce the advertised wit as a warning to our country readers who may contemplate a winter trip to New York.

THE breed of alleged "dramatic critics" who infest the theatres, preying upon the idiotic women of the stage is at last being exposed. It is about time a broad line were drawn between the disreputable snides who hire themselves out to theatres and actresses to run the press and the real journalists who make their living by honest and intelligent work. The man who sets himself up for a dramatic critic solely, with no other work to do, may be set down at once as a fraud and a swindle. There is none such on the reputable papers of New York. The genuine journalist of the day is a man of all work.

PINERO'S "Squire," the piece which Wallack intended to do but which was anticipated by Cazauro's dramatization of "Far From the Madding Crowd" at the Union Square, has been put on at the Eel Pot Theatre and met with success, the only real success the theatre has had this season. Old Slime changed his daisy recently and he thinks she is the Mascot that has brought good luck. The Eel, however, thinks Ada Rehan the genuine Mascot of the shop. So there are rival queens in managerial magic in that ill-flavored fish tank in whose murky mess old

Slime and the Eel paddle with such content. We predict a nice little scandal from this quarter before the winter has passed.

BROOKLYN is the place for snide musicians. The rich men over there have no peace. Some choir singer or other is always begging money from him to complete his or her education. The great artists in embryo go out by the dozen and come back on their ears in due time to be replaced by others. Still the racket continues and the squawkers are enjoying European trips at the expense of the rich suckers who are hooked every time with the artificial fly of art. Not a single singer of any note has Brooklyn produced yet. The nearest she has come to it has been Emma Thursby and she hails from Williamsburg and finished her education there. It's a wonder the rich men don't develop sufficient brain capacity to tumble, and shut down on the supplies for these foreign tours of the small fry ballad singers.

In "Perola," Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera the hero *Strepson*, is half a fairy—the upper half. This enables him to make that half of him invisible, but when he does so and crawls through keyholes it is stated of him that his legs remain visible and stick out on the other side in a very embarrassing and unfairy-like fashion. This is doing things by halves, Mr. Gilbert, isn't it? But after all it may be necessary under the circumstances. No one whom we have had here from abroad for several seasons has been more than half an actor. It is well that Mr. Gilbert spared the lower half—the legs, etc. It is by them the modern English actor in tights mashes the matinee maidens and the so-called daisies. It wouldn't do to make that part of your English actor fairylike or ethereal—for that's where his forte lies. The ladies of the matinees should thank Gilbert for preserving his better half.

HA! ha! ha! The other day a very comical opera fellow made haste to lug Mrs. Alice Oates into a Brooklyn court in order that he might get her endorsement of him as a great Italian operatic artist in a suit which he had instituted. A few hours afterwards Mrs. Oates skipped out of town, leaving her company's costumes in the hands of the sheriff and the next week gave one performance in Tony Pastor's theatre in New York, the public staying away with such unanimity that the theatre had to be closed the second night from lack of an audience to play to. This is the standing of the alleged artist who is to endorse the other alleged artist. We agree with the signor. In choosing Alice Oates to endorse him he selected an artist of the proper calibre. What next? Is Pat Rooney to be called to give his opinion on the professional standing of the operatic artist?

OH, see here, boys, none of that. We're wide awake and looking at you. This is a very thin game and we are going to give it away. The Kiralfy Brothers undertook to produce Bartley Campbell's spectacular, "Siberia," but as there was no chance in it for ballet they gave it up and everything was amicably settled. Now Haverly is going to produce it, so Bartley and the Kiralfys work up a gag to arouse public interest in the play. Kiralfy gets an injunction preventing Campbell producing the drama on the plea that he, Kiralfy, has been at great expense getting up scenery for it and at the last moment the dramatist withdraws the manuscript. The public will naturally think that a play that is wrangled over in a lawsuit between two managers to begin with must be a very valuable property indeed, and in establishing this belief the opposing counsel will earn more than their fees for the managers of the racket. It is too bad in us to give this away, but the temptation was too strong; we couldn't help it.

It is puzzling. We haven't got the new allotment down fine yet, and it knocks us over completely to note the interchange of wives or mistresses that has been managed by the actors during the summer. The comic opera people too, have indulged in this luxury. Tenors have swopped a contralto for a soprano, the basso has got rid of a worn mezzo for a fresh chorus girl, and all around there has been a general exchange until you can't tell who is who, in private life. The only way is to address the fair artist with "I beg pardon—I forget your married name this season. Wasn't it Mrs. Tenor Jones?" "Yes," she will reply: "but now it is Mrs. Basso Smith." This if she happens to be in good humor. If not you stand a good chance of having your scalp taken there and then. Under the circumstances it is perhaps best that you don't make any inquiries on the marriage question when you find yourself in theatrical circles. It isn't quite safe.

THE Langtry daisy, fresh from the arms of a real prince, is here. Abbey has been making frantic efforts to get up a popular sensation but he has made but poor progress. This alleged beauty will have a tough time of it if she is to be judged only by her comeliness, and a worse one if she claims attention for her talent as an actress. She will be a sort of success of curiosity. That is, the American aristocracy (!) will flock to see how the favorite of a prince looks and how she bears the wear and tear of several seasons under engagement to him. There is a piquant rumor, evidently started by the management, to the effect that while kissing her good bye the Prince bit her left ear and the snide aristocracy and imitation Englishmen of New York will rush to detect the royal mark, which, it is said, takes the form of a broad arrow. And with this branded beauty logged on the boards as the main attraction of the season, our actors and managers have the prime cheek to maintain the hypocritical pretence that the stage is pure.

CAPOL has been three or four weeks in New York and hasn't received a single love letter. What a change. When he first came here all classes of first society people gushed over him and women who ought to have known better threw themselves unreservedly into his arms. Most of them ride by in their carriages now without noticing him—in fact they seem offended at his presence. He explains the snubbing he got from one of these high-toned married ladies by the remark that she hated him and wished him dead because he knew she had a wart on her knee and other physical blemishes. Many of the children who ride in private carriages, however, resemble Capoul marvelously, in proof of the admiration for their mothers for the famous tenor as he was ten years ago. Victor can't play that racket any longer, however. It is very sad to note how cast down he is by his new position. Imagine, too, the feelings of a father not permitted to recognize his own children as they troop by with their noses as high in the air as their several mammas prescribe. Rough isn't it?

MARIE PRESCOTT let her ambition run away

with her in many respects and she gave herself away unreservedly in enlisting help to boost her up the rocky steps of dramatic fame. Like the whole crowd of silly, stage-struck women she was prepared to go to any extreme to gain prominence and notoriety as an artiste and was willing to allow the gossips the greatest latitude in construing her erratic conduct if only her artistic end might be attained. With this view she made free with certain tough managers and smiled on certain disreputable little nobodies of uncertain connection with the press. She did not seem to be aware that this class of persons, made sure to boast, whether truly or falsely, of amorous favors granted by her. All the new school of actresses are as free and easy, all are as great fools. She wrote letters in amorous terms. All the fresh actresses do that. They think it smart to get a man on a string and do not hesitate to flatter any nincompoop they think they can use to their advantage by addressing him the red hottest of red-hot professions of love. They excuse this on the plea that it helps the business, that is, fills the theatre and makes friends, however humble, for the actress, who contribute their mite towards her fame. Dealing with such low orders of people and throwing around her love letters with a reckless prodigality, it is to be wondered that when the toy is thrown off and laughed at his base soul and wounded vanity counsel a mean revenge? It's a dirty code of morals that prevails on the stage. The sacrifice of self-respect that an actress finds necessary at the outset proves it. The justice of the stand the POLICE GAZETTE has taken on theatrical matters has been fully demonstrated in court in this Prescott case.

THERE is a class of alleged journalists who hang about theatres and make money out of actors and actresses by pretending they have the power to make or break them by bringing them into popularity or disrepute through the newspapers. These fellows prosper and are regarded as genuine journalists not only by actors but by the public at large. This is a crying injustice to the genuine and honest workers on the press and in view of late events calls for an earnest protest. The genuine journalist who attends to his legitimate duties has no time to loiter in the boudoirs of actresses nor to lounge about the side scenes at rehearsals offering his literary services for either love or lucre. The genuine journalists of New York and of the country at large (we speak by the card, for we have an extended acquaintance among them) are not in the habit of selling their talents to actresses for amorous favors nor are they capable of "giving away" such favors or presenting the love letters of any woman for publication. In short, the genuine journalists are gentlemen and the bogus, by whom silly actresses (and all actresses are silly on this point) are deceived, are pretenders from whom nothing better than a revelation of the real or pretended favors of their confiding victims could be expected. We write this apropos of the scandalous evidence adduced in the case of Marie Prescott, who lately sued the American News Company for circulating a libel printed in a New York dramatic newspaper now defunct. A theatrical hanger-on voluntarily appeared on the stand and swore that the actress had accorded him the extreme amorous favors and detailed the occasions and the incidents thereof in a thoroughly novel and startling way. He also produced the private letters written by her to him and interpreted their obscure love passages for the grinning mob. The managers and actors who witnessed this scene were indignant and cried out against the newspaper men in consequence. The precious specimen who took the stand, however, is not a newspaper man. He is a sort of hybrid between the two professions, being, we claim, more of a creature of the side scenes and the managers' office than of the editorial rooms. He has got all his chances, amorous and otherwise, through the favor and fellowship of these same managers. He is one of them—not one of us.

WILLIAM ELTON.

[With Portrait.]

William Elton, who has bounded into artistic and popular favor in this city in "The Guv'nor," at Wallack's Theatre, was born in Manchester, England, in 1850 and made his first appearance in pantomime in the Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool, under the management of his uncle Egerton. The Adelphi is the theatre in which Charles Dillon was stock leading man, Mrs. Dyas, mother of Miss Ada Dyas, leading lady and Mr. Stoddart, father of the Union Square Theatre favorite eccentric, first old man. He there had two years' experience as actor and musician, playing long parts for a small salary which, however, led up to an engagement as utility gent in the Theatre Royal, Bolton, where he remained and struggled with rough stock work the ensuing three years.

In 1869 Mr. Elton first blossomed forth as a low comedian and in 1872 made his first special engagement in Liverpool. After a stock season with Sifton Parry in the Theatre Royal, Hull, Mr. Elton played two years and a half in Cape of Good Hope, where he demonstrated his versatility in 187 parts. Mr. Hollinshead then engaged Mr. Elton for the Gaiety Theatre, London, where he played with marked ability and great public fortune three years. The Prince of Wales sent for him and complimented him on his success and the people settled the rest.

Mr. Elton's career here is well known. He was fortunate in opening well and "yer' rand, guv'nor, yer' rand" served to introduce him favorably from the first. Mr. Elton is particularly commended for his performance of *Eccles* in "Caste," *Middlewick* in "Our Boys," *Softy* in "Aurora Floyd," *John Chodd, Jr.*, in "Society," *Mole* in "Not such a Fool as he Looks," *Herb* in "Little Em'ly," *Michel Penney* in "Danny Mann," *Bunter* in "New Men and Old Acres," *Robin Wildbriar* in "Extremes," *Pennythorn* in "£100,000," *Launcelot Gobbo*, *Gravedigger*, *Aminadab Sreek*, *Sari Winkle* in "Checkmate," *Tom Tupe* in "Stage Struck," *Grindrot* in "English Gentleman," *Garpe* in "Daisy Farm," *Tom Cringle* in "Middy Ashore," *John Small* in "Whitebait at Greenwich," *Beppo* in "Fra Diavolo," *Devilshoof* in "Bohemian Girl," *Mephistopheles* in "Little Doctor Faust," *Pygmalion Flippet* in "Grasshopper," *Omit Mawarish* in "Boulogne," *Merriman* in "Grand Casimir," *Rusleigh* in "Robbing Roy," *Bottiball* in "Unlimited Cash" and *Magistrate* in "Il Son Ambuloso."

He has settled down quietly in Yonkers where he leads a rural life in the daytime, coming to the theatre in the evening. Mr. Wallack esteems him highly and the public, as usual, endorses Mr. Wallack's judgment, for of all his cockney stock Mr. Elton is the only one who approaches dignity as an artist on the Wallack stage.

MURDER LET LOOSE.

A Record of Villainous Deeds Inspired by Avarice, Jealousy or Malice.

BURGESS W. NICHOLS was sentenced on the 17th inst., to be hanged at Centre Point, Ark., for the murder of a boy named Pitts.

A NEGRO named Peter Kirk assaulted a white man named Ira Jones at Brookhaven, Miss., on the 18th ult. Jones shot him dead.

JOHN TRAVIS stabbed to the heart his cousin, Richard Travis, at Lexington, Ky., on the 17th of October, and made his escape.

On the night of Oct. 18, E. B. Taylor, of Houston, Texas, while sitting on his bed in his room, was shot dead by an unknown assassin, who fired through a window.

A FARMER named Davidson, living near Decker, Mich., in the course of a family quarrel on the 19th inst. in reference to some property he owned, shot his wife, killing her instantly, and severely wounding his son. The murderer fled and has not been found.

Two veterans of the Soldiers' Home, at Dayton, O., both old men close on to 70, named Cornelius Rally and August Rafacke, got into a fight on the 10th inst. in the course of which Rafacke drew a knife and stabbed Rally in the groin, inflicting a fatal wound. Both were under the influence of liquor.

AN old farmer, J. W. Bliss, of Germantown, Tenn., hearing a noise at his bedroom window just before daylight on the 14th inst., arose to investigate. He approached the window and was looking out when a robber, who was trying to break in, discharged a shot gun at him, the contents striking him in the face and breast, and he fell back dead. The assassin escaped, leaving no clue.

GEO. D. RICE, cashier of the bank at Lebanon, Pa., was knocked down in the street at 8 P. M. on the 12th inst., and robbed of a satchel containing \$30,000 in bills which he had just brought from Philadelphia. While the struggle was going on several citizens viewed it from a safe distance, thinking it was only a rough and tumble fight between drunken men. So the robbers—there were three of them—were in luck and got clear away with the swag.

A COWBOY LYNCHED.

He Raids a Settlement, Commits a Murder and Is Strung Up.

On the afternoon of Oct. 12 J. H. Copps, a cowboy employed on a ranch near Fort Fetterman, Neb., rode up to the store at the post and shot Richard P. Elgin, the bookkeeper, killing him instantly. The murder was the outcome of a drunken fit and was unprovoked. After killing Elgin Copps rode off toward the Platte and meeting Michael Regan, another cowboy, ordered him to turn back. Regan hesitated about obeying him and Copps fired at him, inflicting a dangerous wound in his thigh.

Shortly after Elgin's death a posse was organized and started in pursuit of the murderer, who was captured and taken to the guard house. Excitement ran high over the killing of Elgin, who was a general favorite, and on hearing of Copps' second attempt at murder the cowboys at once took the prisoner from his place of confinement and lynched him. There were no troops at the fort, the garrison having been withdrawn and the post abandoned for the winter.

A WARM RECEPTION.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was quite a flurry in dramatic circles here the other day over the arrival of a most extensively advertised young alleged actress from England, who is to paralyze us as a star in one of the fearful and wonderful melodramas of the period. Immediately she landed her managers got up a reception to the press with the usual free lunch trimmings. The boys turned out in force. All the Harviers and the other fly-blown parasites on the profession were on hand. They ate, drank, made merry and told one another of the women they had dishonored, or tried to. Long after the real newspaper men had gone about their business they remained. Even after the champagne was all gone they kept along on the whiskey till one of them, mistaking the heroine of the occasion for one of his own victims, undertook to ravish her chaste lips of a kiss. The result was war, and by the time it finished there was no one left in the room but the actress, her manager and her agent. She swears she will have no more press receptions, but bless you, it won't be long before she perjures herself, if her agent and the Harviers can bring that end to pass.

GOING IT BLIND.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An extraordinary story comes from the sovereign city of New Orleans. According to it Alexander Bonband, the son of a salt mine owner in the bayous, who has distinguished himself by his conquests, recently seduced in succession the three daughters of a well-known storekeeper at Marie Galante. Then he went around boasting of it. This came to the ears of his victims and they resolved on revenge. By a forged letter they lured their betrayer into a lonely house belonging to their father. There they seized and bound him in a chair, and after reading his love letters to him, destroyed his sight by searing his eyes with a soldering iron. He was then turned loose by them and being found by the roadside was taken home. The miserable wretch is blind for life. His relatives have endeavored to keep the case quiet, but enough of it has leaked out to tell the meagre story our picture gives life to.

A FLIRT'S TRAGEDY.

A Married Woman Lures an Old Lover to Death at Germantown, Ky.

George Cooper and George Insko, of Germantown, Ky., were rivals for the hand of a young lady. She married Cooper at last. On the 14th of October Mr. and Mrs. Cooper met Insko on the Germantown fair grounds. The meeting was friendly. During the day Insko and Mrs. Cooper promenaded together. Mr. Cooper met them and told both of them that he was displeased by their flirtation and forbade its continuance. Later in the day they met again and took a walk. Cooper met them again and this time shot Insko dead. A brother of the murdered man knocked Cooper down and would have killed him had not the crowd interfered.



JOHN A. COCKERILL,

MANAGING EDITOR OF THE ST. LOUIS "POST-DISPATCH."

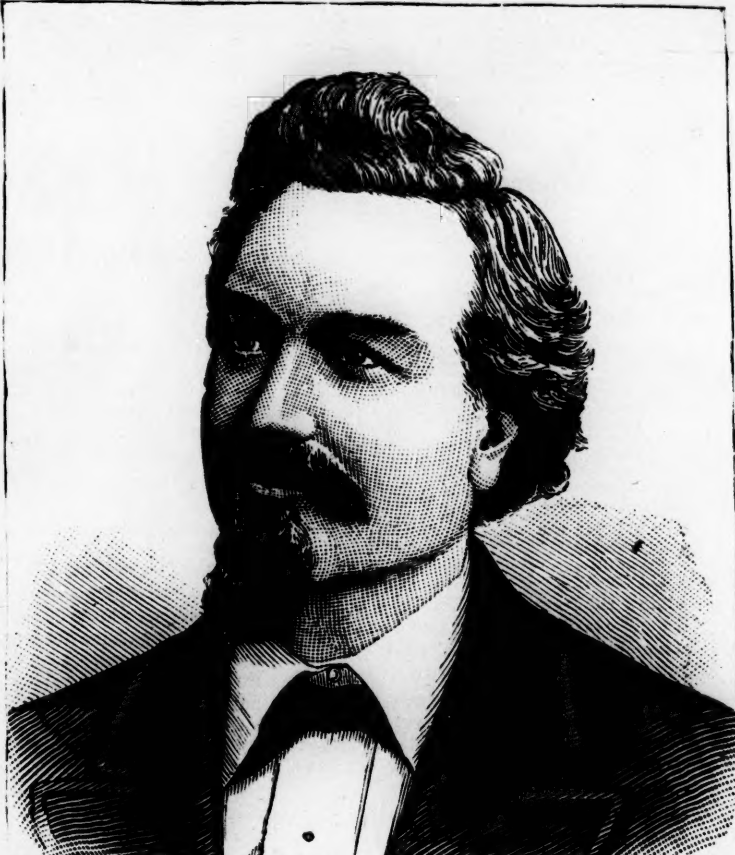
Edward Kennedy.

The subject of our sketch this week is Edward Kennedy, of the Metropolitan Club, who is generally acknowledged to rank as the most expert left-fielder in the profession. He was born twenty five years ago in Carbondale, Pa., where he commenced playing ball in 1874 with local amateur clubs. He caught in 1875 for the Carbondale Club, which had a brilliant record, having won every game which they played in an extended tour of Northern and Central New York during the latter part of that season. His first professional engagement was in 1876 with the Crickets of Binghamton, N. Y., as short-stop and change catcher, and afterwards as left-fielder. He remained with the Crickets until the close of the season of 1877, his fine fielding being of material service to that club in securing victories over several of the League organizations, including two with the Bostons and one each with the Chicagos, Hartfords and Louisvilles. He joined the Utica Club in 1878, and remained with it until its disbandment, in the latter part of July, 1879, when he finished the season with the New Bedfords, then under Mutrie's management. Kennedy played a few games with the Albany Club in the early part of 1880, and in July of that year he joined the professional team then organized in Rochester, N. Y., for advertising purposes. Manager Mutrie, recognizing his skill as an out-fielder, engaged Kennedy to play with the then newly-organized Metropolitans in August, 1880, and he has continued a valued member of that organization ever since; and as a proof of his faithful service may be mentioned

the fact that he has participated in all but two of the two hundred and fifty odd games played by that club up to date. Last season he took part in one hundred and forty-nine games, this being the largest record that has ever been credited to any individual player in a single season. Some of the most brilliant and wonderful work ever accomplished at left-field has been performed by Kennedy, he being a sure catch, a very fast runner, and possessing in a remarkable degree the ability to correctly gauge long-hit balls to the out-field. He has made many very difficult running-catches this season, of which the following are especially worthy of mention: In the game with the Olympics June 21, in Paterson, N. J., Kennedy won the game for the Metropolitans by capturing a ball that looked like a clean home-run. He turned a complete somersault, but nevertheless held the ball. In the two games with the Philadelphias, played June 22 and 24, he is credited with sixteen remarkable running catches, including one in the fifteen inning contest in Philadelphia off Neagle's bat, said to be the finest ever witnessed on a ball-field. Kennedy occasionally gets in a telling hit at the bat, and is a very clever base-runner. He is very quiet and unassuming in his deportment, and has won hosts of friends both on and off the ball-field during his professional service in this city.

Henry P. Kelley.

The subject of our sketch this week has been engaged in driving trotters for fifteen years past, and in that time has given many good ones their records. There is scarcely a track in this country but has seen the light of Mr. Kelley's countenance. He has campaigned from east to west and from north to south, and it was a very uncommon occurrence for him to be behind a piece of the money. The following horses gained the records attached in his hands: American Girl, 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$; Etta Jones, 2:20; Granville, 2:26; Billy Hoskins, 2:26; Dredd, 2:27 $\frac{1}{4}$; Post Boy, 2:28;



COLONEL ALONZO W. SLAYBACK,

KILLED IN A ST. LOUIS NEWSPAPER OFFICE BY THE EDITOR.

Strideaway, 2:28 $\frac{1}{4}$; Starr, 2:30; Wm. H. Arnold, 2:30; Regulator, 2:30.

Last year he drove the horses belonging to S. A. Browne of Michigan, each of them lowering their records under his management. These were Indicator, 2:29; Grand Sentinel, 2:29 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Spinella, 2:30.

Mr. Kelley has handled a number of others, such as Lady Turpin, Tanner Boy, Maggie Briggs, Lida Bassett, etc., but they did not lower their records in his hands. He is a good conditioner, works his horses with able judgment and withal quite a mechanic in the sulky.

The St. Louis Tragedy.

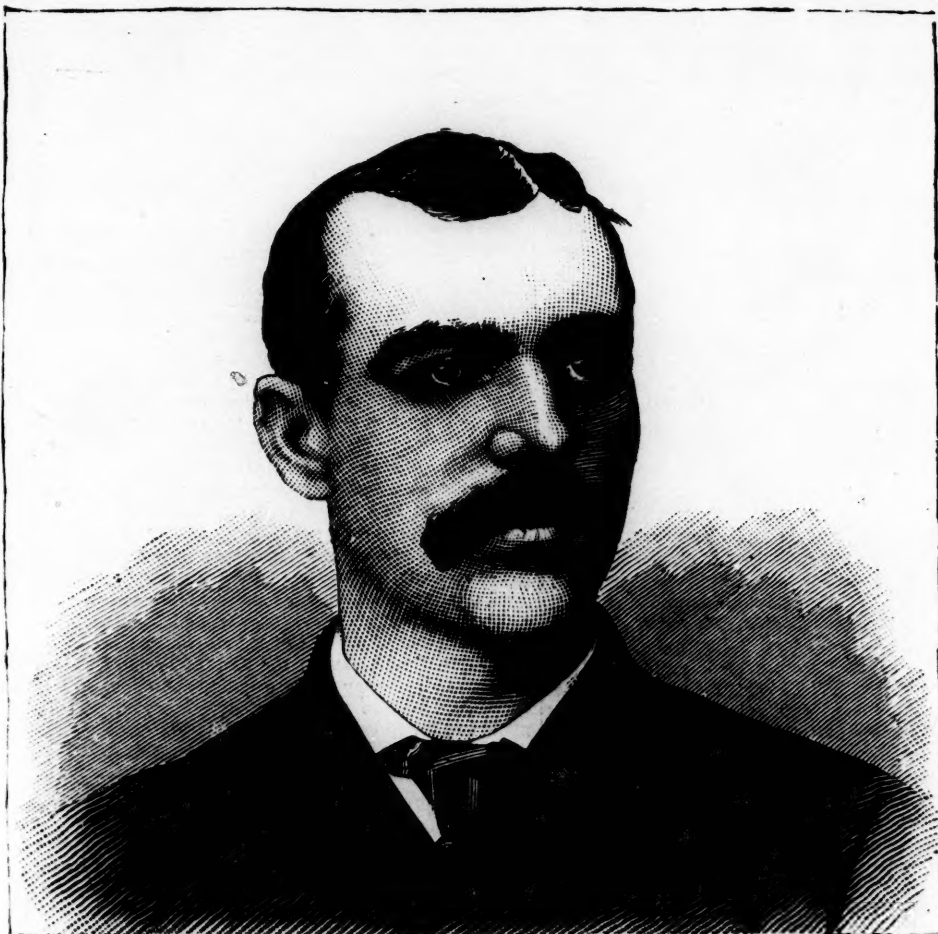
We give in this issue the portraits of Col. A. W. Slayback, the St. Louis politician, and John A. Cockerill, managing editor of the *Post-Dispatch* newspaper of that city. The details of the shooting of the politician by the editor in the editorial rooms of the paper on the occasion of a call on the part of Slayback to get "satisfaction," are fresh in the minds of the readers of the *POLICE GAZETTE*. The editor enters the plea of self-defence and is out on bail.

A young lady in Dakota has lately advertised for a husband in this exceedingly practical fashion: "I mean business. If there is any young man in this county that has as much sand in him as a pound of plug tobacco, I want to hear from him. I have a free claim and homestead, am a good cook and not afraid of work and willing to do my part. If any man with a like amount of land, and decent face and carcass, wants a good wife, I can face the bill."



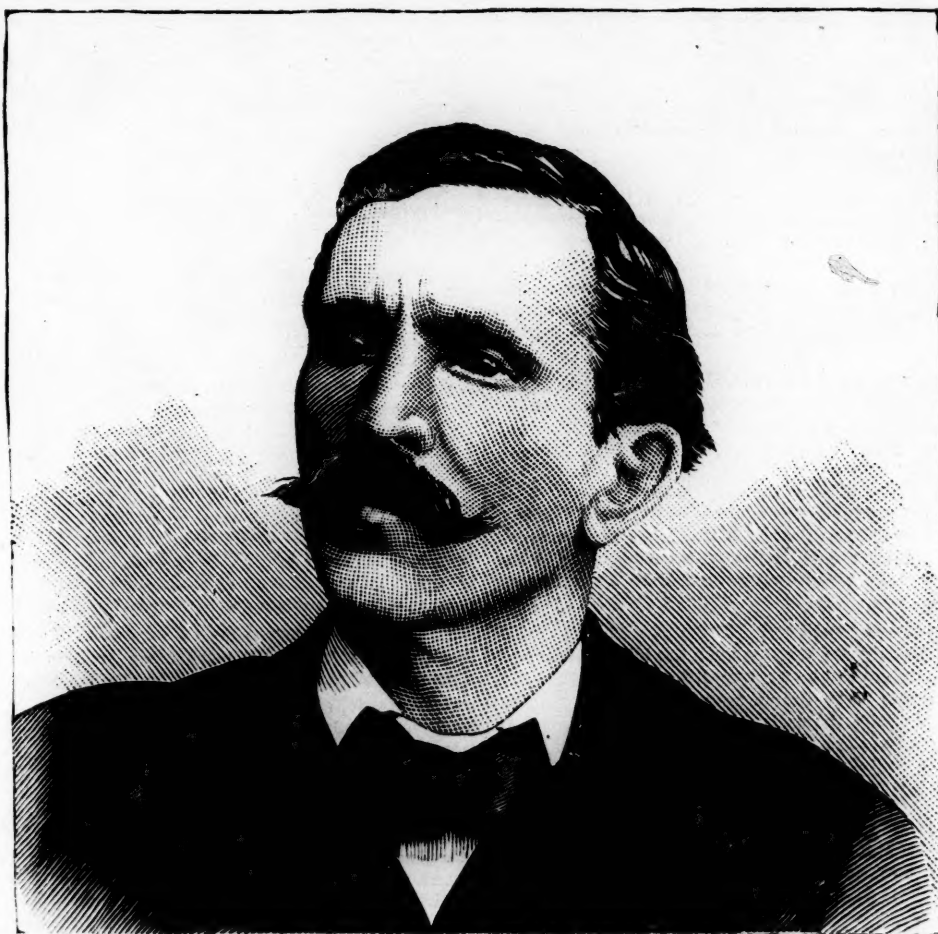
AN EQUESTRIENNE'S PET.

A YOUNG LADY OF SACRAMENTO CARRIES HER FAVOR TO HER EQUINE PET TO AN EXTRA-GANT LENGTH.



EDWARD KENNEDY,

LEFT FIELDER OF THE METROPOLITAN BASE BALL CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY.



HENRY P. KELLEY,

A JOCKEY OF NATIONAL REPUTE, NOW ENGAGED AS TRAINER AND DRIVER IN MICHIGAN.

[Photo. by John Wood, 208 Bowery.]



ANOTHER TEXAS OUTRAGE.

A TROUPE OF REAL COLORED MINSTRELS ATTACKED AND DRIVEN OFF THE STAGE BY A MOB OF COWBOYS IN MARSHALL, TEXAS.

Too Much Realism in Art.

The burnt cork artist and the clown have been the favorites of Texas from the earliest times, but your pig-headed and conservative cowboy doesn't like innovations in art. If he has burnt cork he wants it the real artistic stuff. The Callender genuine colored minstrels who, owing to their complexions can dispense with all coloring matter in their stage "make up," undertook to play in Marshall, Texas, two or three weeks ago. The cowboys found the negro minstrels too realistic and cleaned them out before they got through with their opening chorus and before bones had had an opportunity to propound his first conundrum. The poor darkies gave up their projected tour through Texas at once and are now pointing northward to share the business of the forty troupes of blackened white men who



ARTHUR W. ROSS,

A PROMINENT CINCINNATI MERCHANT, MURDERED BY HIGHWAYMEN AT GLENDALE, O.

have started out since Haverty's Mastodon's went to pieces.

Another Good Man Caught.

A lively scene in a Chicago boarding house. A favorite boarder was Andrew H. Brown, a real estate dealer, a devout church member and the Superintendent of the Sunday school of the People's church. He is separated, it is stated, from his own wife, but now and then, like a worthy Christian gentleman, he pays her a dutiful visit. The last time he called on her he picked up the card of a Mrs. Eaton whom he recognized as one of his fellow boarders. Thinking to have a little fun with that lady he appropriated the card, and proceeded to address her a very pleasant note. The epistle, which he deposited near her plate at lunch time, was to the effect that he had found the card in his bedroom,



MARIE PRESCOTT,

THE ACTRESS PLAINTIFF, AWARDED \$12,500 DAMAGES BY A NEW YORK JURY.

that he was sorry to be absent when Mrs. Eaton called, but that if she would do him the honor to pay him a second visit he would be delighted beyond measure. At supper that night Mr. Brown was seated at one table and Mr. Eaton at another when the lady who had been so grossly insulted swept into the room and handed the open letter to her husband. He walked over to his real estate friend, and the latter nervously acknowledged that he was the author of the letter. In about two minutes the quiet dining room wore the aspect of a slaughter-house, and Brown was mopped all over the floor until he looked more like a plate of hash than a respectable real estate dealer. He officiated as usual as usher the next Sunday at the People's church though his black eye was not quite well. Mr. Eaton deserves congratulations.



WILLIAM ELTON.



EMMY RENE.

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

[Photo. by Marc Gambier.]

CUPID'S CRIMES; OR, THE TRAGEDIES OF LOVE.

By the Author of "Great Crimes and Criminals of America," "Lives of the Poisoners," "Secrets of the Tomb," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

A JEALOUS WIFE'S REVENGE.

In 1876 there lived in Pickens County, Georgia, among the mountains, as fair a lass as such a region is proverbial for producing, a rosy-cheeked, brown-haired, blue-eyed maiden, with the form of a model and the grace of a gazelle. Kate Hambrick was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, and her smiles were courted by the brave-hearted young mountaineers who engaged in competition for a monopoly of her society.

Among these was a dashing young man, a country buck of the first water, and whose fame for courage made him known in all the counties around. Dauntless in love as in all things else, he laid siege to the heart of this mountain belle, to whom she capitulated, and though but a girl in years—seventeen she was—they were married.

She idolized her husband and clung to him with a worshipful devotion, happy only when with him, and ready to sacrifice her life, if need be, for him. And he, feeling secure in her love, repaid her attachment with indifference, and gave more attention to another, a former rival of his wife, than was consistent with his obligation as a husband.

She bore this long in silence, and tried to persuade herself that there was nothing wrong in her husband's conduct. But the seed of jealousy was planted in her heart, and found nourishment in the buoyancy that once existed there. Ere many months the bloom on her cheeks faded, the brilliancy of her eye departed, her merry laugh was no longer heard, and the once light-hearted and happy girl was changed to the disconsolate and brooding woman. And still no complaint of her husband. He would come back to her, she thought, and secure in this hope, she held her way and nursed her sorrow in silence, waiting for her time to come.

And come it did, at last.

The rival for whose charms Kate Sothern's husband slighted his wife was a country belle of the ordinary type. A big, bold, bouncing girl, the picture of rude health, whose spirits and vulgar gaiety, Narcissa, or "Cis," Cowart had her own circle of admirers, in which Robert Sothern was only one of many. But a desire to please the wife whose superior beauty and intelligence she envied, led her to favor the husband above all others, and she held forth lures to him to which he only too readily responded.

At last, in the spring of 1877, there was a party given at the house of Kate Sothern's father. The whole district was invited, and "Cis" Cowart came in the company of one of her admirers. Noticing her among the guests, Kate Sothern approached her husband, and affectionately entwining her arms about his neck, begged him for her sake not to dance with the woman she hated.

Playfully chiding her for her jealousy, he gave her his promise that her request should be granted.

She did not engage in the festivities but pleading illness, retired; though not to sleep, however, for she knew that her husband and her rival were under the same roof. With weary eyes and aching heart she watched the dancers, but nothing occurred on the part of her husband to excite her jealousy until midnight, when, believing her to be asleep, he took his position in the next quadrille with the woman he had promised his wife to avoid as his partner.

Stung to the heart at this exhibition of perfidy, she watched the dance for awhile. Then her senses seemed to desert her, and she left the room and sought her father from whom she borrowed a pocket-knife under the pretext of wanting to cut a tooth-brush.

Securing the knife, she returned to the room where the dancing was going on, reaching it just as the last set ended, and going up to her rival, who was moving toward a seat, seized her by the shoulder, and, frenzied with jealous rage, said, "You have danced enough!" at the same time drawing the open knife from the folds of her dress and plunging it deep into the woman's neck, making a horrible gash, which penetrated nearly to the heart, and from which the blood spouted several feet in the air and spattered over the late dancers. Again the deadly blade was uplifted, and again it descended, plunged into the left breast in search of the heart, and yet again another blow, when the victim sank to the floor—dead.

So quickly and so quietly was the awful tragedy enacted, that not until the woman fell and the blood from her wounds was discovered, did any one know what had happened. When the discovery was made, a rush was made toward the prostrate form, and voices cried:

"Where is the man that struck that woman?"

To which the answer came in a tone and an attitude of proud defiance from the wronged wife:

"I am the man that did it!"

The horror-stricken crowd surged about the door, when her husband, realizing what his flirtation had brought about, grasped his wife, and, drawing his pistol, said:

"Gentlemen, I am going to leave this house and take my wife with me, and we are going through if I have to shoot through."

The crowd gave way before him, and going out into the night, husband and wife disappeared under cover of the darkness.

A hue and cry was soon raised, and search made for them, but vainly. The forest had swallowed them up, and the few friends who knew the direction of their flight kept their secret well.

The parents of the dead woman offered a reward of \$250 for their apprehension, and the state \$150. But for a whole year they evaded the vigilance of the detectives.

They were finally heard of in North Carolina, where they were arrested and brought back to Pickens County and lodged in jail, and with them a little girl baby which had become a member of the family since their flight. The woman was tried for murder, convicted and sentenced to death, but through the influence of friends the Governor was induced to commute her sentence to ten years in the penitentiary, and on the 29th day of May, 1879, she passed through Atlanta on her way to enter the service of her sentence at a convict camp in Washington County.

So famous had this girl-wife and murderess become

—her name and her deed already the theme of two continents—that the announcement of her presence attracted the largest throng ever assembled in the city, with the possible exception of one or more grand special days at the late Exposition. The surging multitude grew wild over the desire to get a glimpse of her, while she appeared unconscious of her surroundings, maintaining a dejected and listless air. Her husband and child accompanied her.

The influence of a universal sympathy secured immunity from prison regulations, and she was allowed to wear her customary garb instead of the penitentiary stripes. At the Washington County camp she remained nearly a year, during which she was occupied in making clothing for the other convicts, her husband remaining with her and holding the position of guard over a squad of prisoners. She was not restrained in her liberty, but remained with and had the privileges of a member of the family of the lessee. At the expiration of a year she fell to the lot of another lessee, whose camp was in Taylor County, whither she was removed, her husband following, her little girl dying during her stay at the Washington County camp. After eleven months in Taylor County, she was removed to Barton County, where the family of the lessee resided, where she remained in the capacity of a domestic until February, 1882, when the lessee, Colonel C. B. Howard, removed to Atlanta, bringing with him the fair convict, who was retained as a servant in his household. Her husband remained with her and acted as her escort, no surveillance being kept on their movements. They attended the Exposition frequently and alone, and were daily figures in the streets of Atlanta together.

Under the system by which convict labor is farmed out in Georgia, the penitentiary life of Kate Sothern was thus made comparatively easy until the efforts of numerous influential parties who became interested in her, secured her pardon and set her legally as well as practically free. That she deserved it, under the circumstances, there is little question. Where red-handed and brutal murderers in Georgia have time and again gone scot free, the punishment of this wretched young woman for yielding to a natural desire to avenge an outrage on her most sacred rights must, certainly, be conceded to be at most a venial sin.

CHAPTER XII.

A MURDER MYSTERY UNVEILED.

Julie Le Blanc was the daughter of a farmer of Jefferson County, Mo. She was a typical rustic beauty, bubbling over with health and high spirits. Fond of company and admiration, she made numerous conquests among the swains of the neighborhood.

The young girl was, withal, less a flirt than a coquette. The spirit of her Gallic ancestors was strong within her, and in her innocent conquests she sought less wanton victories than the pleasure of society. She was bright, intelligent and witty, and consequently the more dangerous a foe to the susceptible bumpkin's hearts.

Her father, a jolly farmer of the old school, was proud of his daughter's beauty and superiority over her rivals. If he did not encourage her in her flirtations he at least did not reprove her.

He also aided her in the adornment of her person by all the means in his power. He never went to town but he brought some gifts back with him, and the handsomer the better. Julie Le Blanc was, therefore, not only the prettiest, but the best dressed and most expensively bejewelled girl in Jefferson County.

"No good will come of it," the prophetic neighbors all found everywhere used to say. "Old Le Blanc is just humoring that girl to death."

And for once circumstances bore the prophecies out. In July, 1872, Julie, then 13 years of age, dressed with the intention of attending a party to be given in a neighbor's house, and was last seen by her mother and father in their garden plucking flowers for a bouquet. The family supposed that Mr. James Leonard, the most favored of her many admirers, who was her intended escort to the party, had called, and that she had gone with him.

Her parents were not alarmed that night when she did not return, but as she was still absent the next morning they became anxious. The persons who gave the party said that she had not been at their house, although Leonard was there the entire evening, having escorted his sister instead of Miss Le Blanc. Other neighbors had neither seen nor heard of Julie. Companies of men searched the woods, and there they found traces of the footsteps of a man and a woman. The latter were the imprint made by shoes of the same size as those worn by the missing girl. These tracks led to a creek, where a boat, the property of Mr. Le Blanc, had been moored. The boat was missing.

Search was made for several miles down the bank of the creek, and along those of Crystal, a large stream flowing into the Mississippi, into which the small creek emptied, but without success. The despairing parents gave up their daughter as lost.

The father's suspicions rested on Phillip Kenealy, who had been an ardent admirer of Julie from her childhood, and who had been dismissed for the favor of Leonard. But his wife refused to let him have Kenealy arrested. The suspected man went to Le Blanc a few days after Julie's disappearance, and telling him of his love for her, and how little he cared to remain in the neighborhood now that she was missing, said that he was going to New Orleans where he had been offered a permanent situation at a good compensation in a large wholesale store. That same evening he quietly departed. He was not seen afterwards.

Six years passed after the mysterious disappearance of Julie Le Blanc, and brought no sign of her. Then, by the merest chance, the key to the mystery of her vanishing was afforded. One day in May, 1878, Benjamin F. Aiken, a colored hand in the employ of Ferdinand Maher, a farmer of New Madrid County, Mo., near Point Pleasant, while shooting snipe along the river bank, saw an object having the appearance of a skiff floating with the current down the river toward him. Procuring a long pole he waited the object's approach. He caught it and drew it to shore. Lying in the bottom of the boat was a skeleton. The bones had been bleached by the sun and rain until they were of a pure snowy white ness.

The skeleton was that of a woman. Not a particle of flesh was on the bones, but on the right side of the skull was a piece of skin, dried and shrivelled by the heat of the sun. Three teeth in the upper part of the mouth were filled with gold, and two of the lower teeth were missing. By her side, in the bottom of the boat, lay a piece of jewelry having some resemblance to a breast pin, but it was worn by the action of water. On the wrists of the skeleton were gold bracelets of a very fine quality, and having some peculiar marks.

In the skiff were parts of a tarpaulin that had decayed before the ravages of rain and heat during the lapse of many years. The boat was of the class known as life boats. It contained water to the depth of ten inches, which had accumulated from many rains.

Aiken moored the boat and took the jewelry to Mr. Maher, and that gentleman summoned a coroner; but that official deemed it unnecessary to hold an inquest over the bones of a person who had been dead for a number of years. The bracelets and breastpin were given to the coroner by Aiken. The bones were buried on the river bank.

Farmer Le Blanc, having heard of the discovery, visited New Madrid County. The bracelets were shown him and he identified them. The skiff was also identified as the one which had been his property. He made preparations for removing the bones of his daughter to his home. A coffin was brought, and men were hired to dig them up. The river bank was searched in vain for the place of burial. It could not be found. The bank had either caved in or the river had washed them away. The mighty waters which had given up their dead had claimed them again and borne them off forever.

Subsequent inquiries developed the story of murder in few and simple terms. On the evening of the party, while awaiting the arrival of her escort in the garden, Julie Le Blanc had been accosted by Kenealy, with whom she had been conducting a flirtation. They had strolled away together, engaged in a conversation which had drifted into a quarrel. Taunted to fury by the frivolous girl, the man had turned on her with violence and essayed to accomplish by foul means what he had hoped to gain by fair.

The girl resisted and cried out for help. There were people approaching by the road and discovery was imminent. With a furious oath the murderer seized her by the throat and choked her not only into silence but the silence of death.

Finding the extent to which he had gone he cast about him for a means of disposing of the body. The murder had been committed close by the creek where his victim's father's boat was moored, and Kenealy put her body into the craft, covering it with a tarpaulin, intending to make way with it at a more favorable time. The boat was securely fastened to the creek bank at a place where the undergrowth was so thick it could not be detected without exceedingly close inspection, and as Kenealy could not visit the place without exciting suspicion, the boat lay there until the ropes decayed and thus loosened the skiff which floated down the creek into the Platte or Crystal creek, and thence into the Mississippi.

Then, drifting to and fro on the uneasy tides, now stranded in some shadowy cove, now landed on some lonely sand bar with the wild birds for company, the dead testimony of an almost forgotten crime mocked at the skies with its fleshless face until, after years of waiting, the story it had to tell was told at last, and the river claimed its own again and took it back into its solemn keeping.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMEN'S DEVILTRIES.

Where the Weaker Sex Comes Out Strong in Comparison With the Stronger.

ON the night of the 11th inst., two mill girls in Amsterdam, N. Y. quarrelled and Maggie O'Neill stabbed Jane Bradt in the face with a scissors, inflicting twenty gashes, some of which are serious.

ON the 12th inst. Mrs. Louisa Reble, aged 30, good looking and vigorous, cowhided Daniel P. Burdick, overseer of the American Screw Company's manufactory at Providence, R. I. The lady had been employed in the factory and had left without giving the customary two weeks' notice. She called a week after, however, and demanded her back pay. Mr. Burdick replied that she might as well ask for her front pay. This Mrs. Reble considered indelicate and insulting, so she went away and returned with three men who held Burdick while she lay a rawhide over his face, head and shoulders until she was tired. He is marked for life. Then she fled with her companions and none of them can be found by the officers who are looking for them.

SAMUEL HOROBCKS, boss of the weaving room of the Colton Mills in St. Louis, was kind to a little girl aged 13, named Nettie Wolf, residing in the same house with him, whom he gave employment in the mills. His wife became jealous of the child, and accused him of terrible things among which the charge that he had transferred his affections to the girl was the least. The husband and wife quarrelled on this subject on Oct. 14, and Horobcks, losing patience, struck his wife, whereupon she called in her brother from an adjoining room and asked as a personal favor that he shoot her husband for her. He excused himself a moment, went out and got a pistol, and on his return shot Horobcks fatally.

A HUSBAND'S DISCOVERY.

He Finds a Man Under His Wife's Bed and Gets Shot for His Pains.

James Chambers, of Indianapolis, Ind., received an intimation from a friend on the afternoon of Oct. 7 that his wife was playing some funny business on him. Acting upon the suggestion he hastened to his rooms only to find the outer door locked and his wife slow in obeying the summons to admit him. Upon entering he questioned her closely and received a positive denial that any man was being harbored about the premises.

Dissatisfied with her answer Mr. Chambers instituted a search and in a closet in a rear room found a man. The two clinched without waste of words and Chambers dealt him several hasty blows before the intruder brought a revolver to bear with which he fired one shot. The ball struck Chambers in the abdomen and ranging round lodged near the spine, inflicting a very dangerous injury. It was also sufficient to disable him from further active hostility and the stranger seized the opportunity to hasten away.

Upon the arrival of the police authorities Chambers gave a description which led to the arrest of Frank Pearl, an insurance agent, and he was locked up without bail on a charge of attempted murder. The accused is a man of family and stands well. He gives a vigorous denial not only of alleged criminal intimacy with Mrs. Chambers, but also that he is not the man who shot her husband, and in this he is supported by the statement of his wife. What makes the case still more complicated it is now understood that Chambers is not prepared to swear he is the right man Mrs. Chambers offers no explanation of the scandal beyond a vehement denial of previous knowledge of the presence of the intruder.

A BUNCH OF HORRORS.

A Five Days' Record of Bloody Crimes and Outrages.

JAMES MALONEY, a hand on a river steamer, was murdered by a mulatto at Keokuk, Iowa, on the 9th inst. He was terribly cut up with a butcher's knife.

A PARTY of highwaymen waylaid a poor laborer at Brownsville, Texas, on the 8th inst. and after beating him to a state of insensibility robbed him of his week's wages.

ANOTHER cold-blooded murder in Houston, Texas on the 9th inst. George M. Rhoades, a carpenter, lost all his money at faro and when he kicked the gambler, John J. Lewis, drew a revolver and shot him dead.

LEW CLARK, a colored man, got drunk in Hannibal, Mo., on the 9th inst. and started off on the war path. In his rambles he came across Dick Wright, with whom he became involved in a quarrel which ended in Lewis drawing a knife and stabbing him.

ON the night of Oct. 12, while John H. White and his family were asleep in their residence at Shallotte, N. C., a negro built a fire under the house with shavings saturated with kerosene! The family barely escaped with their lives. The negro was however pursued, captured and lodged in jail.

ON the 7th inst., at Loraine, Ill., two brothers named Workman quarrelled. One seized a shot gun and fired a load of bird shot into the face of the other. One eye was completely blown away and the doctor has had a busy time cutting shot from the face. The young man will not die and his brother was not arrested.

ON the 9th inst., at Atchison, Kansas, the body of a negro was found on the railroad track. His right leg was torn from the trunk and the left arm severed and the remains otherwise terribly carved up, as numerous trains had passed over the body. Investigation revealed the fact that the man's name was Thomas Jones. There was evidence that he had been murdered some distance away and the body dragged to the track. There is no clue to the murderers.

A VERY DEAR KISS.

Schmidt Takes One From Another Man's Wife and Pays a Hundred Dollars.

William Schmidt, of Cincinnati, has a sweet tooth yet, although he is married and has a small family. He was employed to do some painting in the residence of Mrs. Myra Howard. He remarked to the lady that she should be afraid to remain in the house all day alone, but she protested her courage. They chatted pleasantly while he worked and finally when he stopped at noon he asked her if she had five cents she could loan him.

Mrs. Howard replied that she had only five cents in her pocket and that it was going to stay there. William vowed he'd have the money and then followed a playful chase through the kitchen and into the sitting room. It was there that Mrs. Howard sat down and the gay knight of the paint brush in his exuberance sat down in her lap and throwing his arms around her he implanted a kiss upon her lips under the impression that that was a fitting ending to such a tremendous joke.

When the lady took a rolling pin with which she had been kneading bread or something of the sort and cracked William over the head that young man thought the joke was going too far. When the claret flowed from his proboscis he began to wish he had kissed a woman who hadn't so much muscle, and when at last the husband had him arrested on a warrant charging him with assault and battery he wished he'd kissed a woman who hadn't any husband to kick about such a little trifle as that.

And worse than all, Schmidt got a fine of \$100 and thirty days in the work house. All for a kiss. Lord, how those luxuries have gone up since the good old times!

A WRONGED WOMAN'S REVENGE.

She Slaughters Her False Lover and Kills Herself.

ON the 2d inst., as we have already reported, Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, aged 38, residing at What Cheer, Iowa, killed her lover, John Allison, and committed suicide. She was married to Benjamin Williams in 1870 and leaves a son aged six years. During her husband's absence from home she had made friends with Allison and on Sept. 30th obtained a divorce from Williams on the ground of desertion, Allison having promised to marry her when all obstacles were removed. On his refusal to fulfil his promise she killed him as he lay in bed with her and then blew her own brains out. A letter written just after the murder and before her suicide and addressed to a relative gave the following explanation of the crime:

Jack has promised all along if I would get a divorce he would marry me because he has already ruined my life if he don't marry me. So to-night he came in and told me he would, now I was free. Then he would make me go to bed with him, as we were to be married so soon. Then when he got what he wanted he said that he was only fooling me, that he never intended to make me his wife—no, never would. So now I would sooner die than live in disgrace any more. So I killed him first. I waited till he went to sleep, then I got up to write this and then killed him first.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

Her False Lover Introduces His Bride to Her and She Shoots Him Down.

ON the 14th inst. a Mr. Harmon, a druggist at Swede Point, Iowa, was shot and killed by a young milliner named Hattie Myers. Harmon had been keeping company with Miss Myers for a number of years, but in the latter part of September went east on a brief visit. He returned to Swede Point on the 12th of October, bringing with him a wife. On the 14th he called with his bride at Miss Myers' store and introduced her. The milliner drew a pistol from her pocket and shot Harmon, the ball lodging in the neck just below the ear, inflicting a wound that may prove fatal. After the shooting she attempted to shoot herself but the revolver was taken away. Then she procured a knife and again attempted suicide but was again disarmed. She said that at Harmon's solicitation she gave up home and friends for him and if she could not live with him she was determined that no woman should. At the request of the injured man's wife Miss Myers was not arrested.

A ROUSING SCANDAL.

An Actress Brings Down An Awful Shower on Her Head in Court.

Spicy Letters, Shocking Confessions and a Witness who Alleged Himself a Lover, Disgust the Jury.

[With Portrait and Illustration.]

More than a year ago one Ernest Harvier caused to be published in a New York dramatic paper a brief paragraph reflecting severely on the character of Miss Marie Prescott, an actress who is very well known to the public. She began a suit for \$20,000 damages against the American News Company for having circulated the paper containing the objectionable matter and they instead of acting on their own natural impulse to go before the jury with clean hands and prove they had not done Miss Prescott malicious injury and, as was the fact, knew nothing of her or of her reputation, took the advice of a lawyer who entangled things nicely for them.

On this advice they took up Harvier's cause and undertook to justify all he had written. The result was an astounding outflow of scandalous testimony. The case came before Judge Russell in the New York Superior court and its matinees drew overflowing houses during a two weeks' run.

The plaintiff, Miss Prescott, being called by the defence was shown two or three dozens of letters which she was required to identify as written by her. Most of them were in envelopes addressed to Harvier. The lady acknowledged that she was married some years back, in Covington, Ky., to a Mr. Burke but said she had obtained a divorce and was married again, this time to a Mr. Perzel, a grocer of New York. She said that many of the letters that had been shown her had been written by her to this gentleman but had fallen into the hands of Harvier, whom she had employed as her agent in dramatic business. She acknowledged that before her marriage she and Mr. Perzel had rented an expensive flat in New York and shared the expenses, her mother and her two children by Mr. Burke, her first husband, living there with her. Her marriage with Perzel she said occurred shortly after this arrangement was made, but it was kept secret because theatrical managers would not engage married women.

Ernest Harvier, a thin, pale-faced and by no means fascinating young man, was called. He stated that he was a journalist and acknowledged he had published the article that had given such offence to the actress.

Harvier next identified a number of letters as having been written to him by Miss Prescott. In the first of these read the writer spoke of her business matters and her plans for producing her play, "Mother and Daughter," commented upon Mr. John Stetson's inclination only to be pleased when money was flowing into his coffers, and thanked its recipient for some favorable statement written about her ability as an actress. She alluded feelingly to an attack of mumps from which she was suffering and told him she would call upon him at a certain time, when she hoped he would have sent William out.

Harvier said that Miss Prescott called upon him just as this letter said its writer would and that he had previously sent his office boy, William, out of the way. Several other letters were read. They were filled with expressions of love for Ernest and wishes to embrace him, interspersed with business items or gossip. Among other things Ernest was advised that sweetheart is not spelled "sweetheart." After the reading Harvier testified that he first met Miss Prescott seven years ago when he was 17 years old. He had been intimate with her, he said, and during their intimacy she had told him that she had been the mistress of twelve men and he was the thirteenth. When Harvier made this statement Miss Prescott threw up her hands and seemed inclined for a moment to make a scene in court. Her manner was that of a person seemingly shocked and angered by the utterance of a falsehood affecting his or her character. She soon recovered her composure and only looked contemptuously at Harvier. The cross-examination of that witness was begun. Its main feature was the production of a letter in which he metaphorically shrieked out that he had given his heart to Miss Prescott and that after beating, bruising, stabbing and otherwise mistreating if she had sent it back to him, and yet, after all this bad treatment, he had much trouble to prevent it going back to her.

Harvier among other things identified the following imitation of a prisoner's "pedigree" in a police court as having been written by Miss Prescott and sent to him from Boston while she was playing there in John Stetson's troupe:

RECORD.
Name? Marie.
Born? 1880 and something.
Over 40? No.
Born before '57? Yes.
Too old to love? No.
Occupation? Writing love letters.
Married or single? Neither.
Debts? Well, so so.
Condition of property? Splendid.
Character of property? Personal.
Name of property? Ernest.
Taxable property? Harvier.
(Excuse me while I unbutton my corset; it pinches me.)
Where reside? At large.
Under bond? Yes.
To whom? Man out west.
Name? Burke.
What holds you? Piece of paper.
Where is he? Don't know.
Do you care? No.
When heard from? Four years ago.
Any communications? None.
Have you ever written to him? Never.
Had he any influence over you? None whatever.
Is he in your way? No.
How are you employed? Thinking.
Anything else? Loving.
Who? My own darling baby.
Any other O. D. B.'s? None.
Have been? No.
Never? Never.
Sure? As I hope for his love.
Do you want anything? Yes.
What? Never mind.
Do you love Ernest Harvier? Yes.
Who do you love? Ernest Harvier.
Does he love you? Yes.

How much? With all his heart.
And you? With my life.
Did you ever love any one else? No.
Did he? Think not.
What does he think? He knows I love him, my own precious, loving, my darling, my devoted, my only love.

Been up before? Yes.
What for? Love.
For whom? Ernest Harvier.
Decision? Guilty.
Fined? Yes.

How much? My whole heart.
Going to do it again? Yes.

State your case. Well, one day I was attending to my business and not dreaming of falling in love and Mr. Harvier looked at me. I did not resent it and he thought I was afraid to look back and so he kept on and after repeatedly telling me I was no good as a sweetheart I made up my mind to love him back with all my might, and I did. That's all.

The witness also got in the statement that the lady, when he abandoned the dramatic season she undertook under his management, was in the condition to become a mother. This statement occasioned another indignant outbreak from the actress who finally contented herself with looking daggers at Harvier. After several other witnesses of the same precious sort had been examined the lawyers of the defence had the assurance to haul into court against all his protests the editor of the POLICE GAZETTE and to put him on the witness stand beside such an array of human phenomena. It was expected that the editor would be forced to testify that the character of the lady, with whom he had no acquaintance, was bad and Mr. Fullerton had confidence in his ability to make him malleable by legal processes. The editor declined to make himself the pal of such a dirty mob and the lawyer dropped him after three questions to which he got paralyzing answers.

The plaintiff called in rebuttal Frank Kilday, an actor who testified as to Miss Prescott's good professional and social standing.

Dr. W. G. Wylie, visiting physician of Bellevue Hospital, testified that he attended Miss Prescott during her illness referred to by the witness Harvier. He said it was an internal disorder likely to befall any person.

The jury, taking all things into consideration, concluded that Miss Prescott had been damaged to the amount of \$12,500 and brought in a verdict in her favor awarding her that sum. There was a grand hurrah over the result and lots of professionals and others breathed freer when the result was reached.

THE DEATH OF FRANK QUEEN.

On the morning of October 18 Frank Queen, the founder, editor and proprietor of the New York Clipper, died at his home in Philadelphia. He was born in that city sixty-three years ago and worked as a compositor in his native city until 1859, when he came to New York and established a news stand on the corner of Leonard and Centre streets.

He took an interest in sporting matters and resolved to establish a journal devoted to amusements and sporting affairs. By his exertion the first number of the Clipper was issued April 30, 1863.

At that time the only sporting newspaper published in New York was the Spirit of the Times. The office of the new paper was in Ann street until 1869 when the profits of the enterprise enabled Mr. Queen to erect a building of his own. His desire was to build upon the spot where he had begun his business career in New York as a newsdealer, but he was unable to obtain the site and took the opposite corner on which the Clipper building now stands.

Mr. Queen exercised personal supervision of the Clipper from its inception until a few weeks before his death. Of late he had suffered from paralysis, the ailment that caused his somewhat sudden death. His friends speak of him as having been a man who gave liberally to charitable objects. It is related that he built at an expense of about \$50,000 the Bethel church in Philadelphia and donated it to the congregation. He was married early in life and his widow survives him. Mr. Queen was a favorite of the better class of New York Bohemians and writers generally. He was prompt in his payment of what he considered the worth of articles submitted to him and has been known to double the price demanded by a timid author. There are many stories of this sort told of him in the inner circles of Bohemia and the genial, modest, just gentleman, quite a different person from the popular idea of him, passes away sincerely mourned and regretted by those who knew him.

THE ACTRESS AND THE AGENT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The wretched pretended journalists who hang on the skirts of ambitious actresses, offering their services to bring them into prominence before the public, have lost their grip, it seems. The revelations in the Marie Prescott case just concluded in New York have opened the eyes of several artists, and a general hunt for their missing letters has been begun, with in one instance startling results.

On the 17th inst. a "society star" of the second order artistically, but of the first quality in a muscular way, seized and shook up the diminutive sneak whom she employed to write up her beauty and talents and attend to the handling of her baggage. The lady missed several compromising letters from her writing desk, and meeting the agent in the private office of a New York theatre last week went for him then and there, and did not let him go until she had shaken the epistolary loot from his pockets and administered a severe mauling to the wretched creature. From this it may be judged that the snide dramatic critic and press manager for dramatic stars is becoming rapidly an institution of the dark past.

MR. ARTHUR W. ROSS.

[With Portrait.]

We present this week a portrait of Mr. Arthur Wellington Ross, a prominent business man of Cincinnati, who was mysteriously murdered on the night of Saturday, Oct. 7, while on his way to his home at Glendale. The deceased was a highly respected and active citizen, being a member of the Chamber of Commerce of Cincinnati, one of the board of Exposition Commissioners and an active worker in charitable enterprises. His sad death has deeply moved the whole community and active efforts are being made to discover the perpetrators of the foul murder. The negro Allen Harris, alias Wyatt Allen, and Fred Captain, who have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the affair, are still held to await the result of investigations now going on.

A PARSON'S CLOSE CALL.

He Sits on a Log and Hugs a School Marm and Proved He Did It Religiously.

The parsons are up with the times nowadays, as the following report of the last clerical scandal from a Milwaukee paper will prove: The Methodist conference at Portage has acquitted the Rev. Mr. Atwater of the charge of sitting on a log with a school marm up in Dunn county, out in the woods, and holding her on the log by putting his arm around her, and has been restored to his position. This is right. The saw mill hands who followed the couple up in the woods, pretending to be looking for a moosey cow could not be expected to see why it was necessary for him to put his arms around the girl, and what need there was for her to lay her head upon his bosom, and they made remarks about it that were ungentlemanly. But those who have walked up hill with a school marm, who was not very healthy, and had her sit down on a log to rest, could see all the time how she would want to be supported while she caught her breath.

The girl was a little shaky about her religion, and wanted to talk with the pastor and get his advice, and they went up on the hill into the woods to talk it over instead of arguing the matter in the parlor of her boarding-house. A boarding-house is no place for a girl to be braced up in regard to her religion, when it becomes shaky. There are times in the lives of all converts when they feel as though they were falling from grace; and they want to feel the strong arm of the church around them, and be advised as to what is the matter, and what to do for it.

A boarding-house, with its smell of boiled cabbage and onions, with its worldly boarders who did not know a sentiment of divine inspiration from a plate of fried liver, is the last place in the world where a minister could lend a helping hand to a young female convert without being caught at it. Boarders generally would not view, unmoved, the spectacle of a minister whispering truths into the ear of a school marm, nor would they keep a straight face to see the good man hold the convert to his chest while he exhorted her to hold out faithful to the end, and eventually wear the crown that would be provided for her. They would snicker just at the wrong time, and may be tell him to give the girl a rest.

The minister knew this as well as anybody, and he knew that "the groves were God's first temples," and in the vicinity of small villages liable to be uninhabited at that time of day, so it is alleged he steered the convert beside still waters, through green pastures, up the hill of Zion, across the huckleberry patch, through the grubs, until they came to a log, where they rested even as Bunyan did, though there is nothing in the testimony to show that either of them had bunions.

There, upon the log—and, by the way, we have a piece of the log in this office, sent us by some scoffer who does not believe the elder is a truly good man, which any body can see by calling upon us—there, upon that log, the girl told him of her fears that she was becoming a backslider, and he did all in his power to keep her from back-sliding, and to retain her as a member of the fold. He talked to her like a Dutch uncle, and did what nine out of ten men would have done to convince her that she ought to look upon the bright side of life, and not lose her end.

Just as he was exhorting her to try and lead a different life, and she had wept and said she would try and not be despondent any more, those confounded saw-mill hands, who had followed the elder and the girl, rushed into the thicket and asked if he had seen a cow. It was a confounded insult, as neither of the saw-mill hands had lost any cow, and the elder felt the insult deeply. He could only pass on the cow question, as he didn't have any trumps. We knew at the time that the fact of the elder and the girl going so far to get a quiet place would be used against them by the worldly minded, but felt that the courts and the conference, composed of able men who knew by experience that a thicket a mile away from civilization held over a boarding-house for comforting a convert, would eventually set the elder right, and they have, and we are glad of it.

The elder will preach again, and while he may see a smile of derision on the face of some one in the audience, he can point to the conference and the courts and say, "I am a pure man by a large majority."

The only bad feature about the affair is that the poor girl, who went trustingly into the woods with the pure man, will always be looked upon with contempt by some and pity by others.

CHARLES DORSEY, THE STAGE ROBBER.

A California Desperado and Murderer Long Sought is Finally Caught.

[With Portrait.]

This man is recognized as one of the most desperate criminals on the Pacific coast, and was arrested a couple of weeks ago at Union City, Indiana, by Capt. I. W. Lees, Chief of Detectives, San Francisco, Cal., and Capt. Aull, of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s detective force, the charge against him being the robbery of William F. Cummins, a banker, at Moore's Flat, California, on Sept. 1, 1879. Dorsey has been living for two years under cover at Union City, Ind., and was engaged in legitimate business until Captain Lees succeeded in tracing where he sold the gold in the mint at New Orleans, and where he shipped the bar gold from Louisville, Ky., to the mint at Philadelphia, and from specimens of the gold as given by the mint and specimens in the possession of Captain Lees, it is undoubtedly the gold taken from the stage at Moore's Flat, when bars to the amount of \$50,000 were stolen. The identification of Dorsey as being concerned in the murder of Mr. Cummins and the robbery is complete. He has been taken to San Francisco in charge of the officers above named, and it is only a question of time—unless he breaks jail—before he will be executed for murder. The details of the robbery and murder are as follows:

On Sept. 1, 1879, the Moore's Flat stage, running between that point and Nevada City, Cal., was stopped at midday at a clump of bushes about three miles and a half from the latter place by two men. There were on the coach at the time Matt Daily, the driver, Miss Skeahan, a school teacher, who sat on the box with him; John Barron, wife and three children, William Edwards, of Edwards' Bridge, Yolo River; John McCarty, Wm. Cummins, a banker of Moore's Flat, and a Chinaman.

The passengers were all made to dismount and stand in line beside the stage except Miss Skeahan, who was ordered to remain on the box. The Chinaman was inclined to fight, but was soon subdued. One of the men, now known to be Dorsey, held the horses with one hand and a shot-gun in the other, while his

partner, a man named John C. Patterson, who is also in custody, with a cocked revolver in his hand ready for use, went through the express and other bags in the coach. Finally he picked up a valise with two handles and asked the usual question, "To whom does this belong?" Mr. Cummins, the banker who up to this time had remained quiet, stepped out of the line and said: "It is mine, and I will defend it with my life."

Patterson snatched up the valise by one of its handles, and Cummins seized hold of the other. A terrible struggle ensued for its possession, and finally the men grappled and fell, with Patterson on top, Cummins endeavored to draw a revolver from his hip pocket, but a long linen duster that he had on prevented his getting at the weapon. All this time he clung to the valise with one hand, and Dorsey yelled out to the banker from his position at the horses' heads, "Let go or I'll shoot." Cummins retained his hold and Dorsey, shotgun in hand, stepped up to where he lay. Patterson pressed his hands down on Cummins' chest and raised himself up. Dorsey coolly placed his weapon to the back of the prostrate banker's neck, and pulling the trigger, blew the whole top of his head off.

A TALE OF HORROR.

Shocking Details in the Confession of a Murderer's Crime.

Emeline Meaker and Almon L., her son whose portraits have already been presented in the POLICE GAZETTE, are awaiting execution in Vermont for the murder of Alice Meaker, a little girl, a pauper boarder in their house at Waterbury. The woman is to be hanged in March and the son in February. An attempt is now making in the legislature at Montpelier to commute the boy's sentence, and it is learned that he has made a full confession of the circumstances attending the crime. The confession relates the atrocious cruelties practiced by the Meaker woman on the child, and the several proposals which the former made to her son to murder the inoffensive girl.

Once she asked him if he wouldn't take little Alice out on the mountain and leave her there to starve, and, when he refused, expressed her intention of killing her outright. The way in which the crime was finally committed is thus described:

"She urged me, and said it could be done by poison, and it would be an easy death. I will say here that if I had thought her death would have been so terrible I would never have consented to aid her. She made the plan to secure strychnine, and I procured it of Druggist Carpenter, of Waterbury village, and paid ten cents for it. This was Friday night, the night of the murder. I went immediately to Mr. Bates, a livery-keeper, and got a team and went over home and put the team back of the barn. Mother had put Alice to bed with her clothes on, and mother took her out of the window, telling her we were going to ride. My father was in bed. Mother and Alice walked a short way up the hill through the field and came to the road where I had the team. They got in and we drove through the street and gave her the poison on the Henry hill, below the street, where we put it in sweetened water and gave it to her. We drove on, and in about twenty minutes the poison took effect, and she went into convulsions. My mother held her hand over her mouth to prevent her making a noise. We started for a sand-bank toward Stowe and took a shovel to bury her with, but she died so soon we stopped at a swamp, where the body was shown Mr. Atherton. I agreed with my mother after we were arrested, which she urged me to do, to take all the blame on myself and clear her, which I have done until I felt it a duty to tell the facts as above stated. No other person or persons had knowledge of the affair but my mother and myself. I had no motive in committing the act, and only did what I did at the request and advice of my mother. I did not realize what I was doing or consider the consequences."

A CHARACTERISTIC TRAGEDY.

Three Leading Men of Tennessee Slaughter Each Other Off-Hand.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A shocking shooting affray—shocking even for Tennessee—took place in Knoxville on the 19th inst. The affair was between Major Thomas O'Connor, General James A. Mabry, Sr., and James A. Mabry, Jr., and all three were killed.

General Mabry and Major O'Connor had a dispute at the Fair Ground the day before, during the races, in which, it is alleged, Mabry threatened to kill O'Connor on sight. This threat was communicated to O'Connor. General Mabry was proceeding along Gay street, O'Connor stepped out of the Mechanics' Bank just as the General was passing by. O'Connor carried with him a shot gun. Raising the weapon, he took aim and fired on the General, and Mabry fell dead on the spot without uttering a word. About this time James A. Mabry, Jr., who was passing near by, had his attention attracted by the tumult and, hastening to the spot, immediately took in the situation and, drawing a revolver, fired on O'Connor. Meanwhile O'Connor, in anticipation of an attack by Mabry, Jr., again raised his gun and fired. Both of these discharges are said by those who witnessed the scene to have been simultaneous, and when the smoke cleared away O'Connor and Mabry, Jr. lay dead on the ground, both men still clutching the weapons which had dealt such terrible destruction.

Major Thomas O'Connor was one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of Knoxville, and was widely known among business men and in railroad circles throughout the country. He leaves an estate valued at \$100,000, all of which was made in business and speculation since the close of the war. He was president of the Mechanics National Bank of Knoxville, in front of which the tragedy occurred, a member of the firm of Cherry, O'Connor & Co., of Nashville, and was associated with R. G. Huston, a large railroad contractor of Cincinnati. He was very benevolent and so religious that last summer he sent the pastor of the church which he attended to Europe at his own expense.

AN EQUESTRIENNE'S PET.

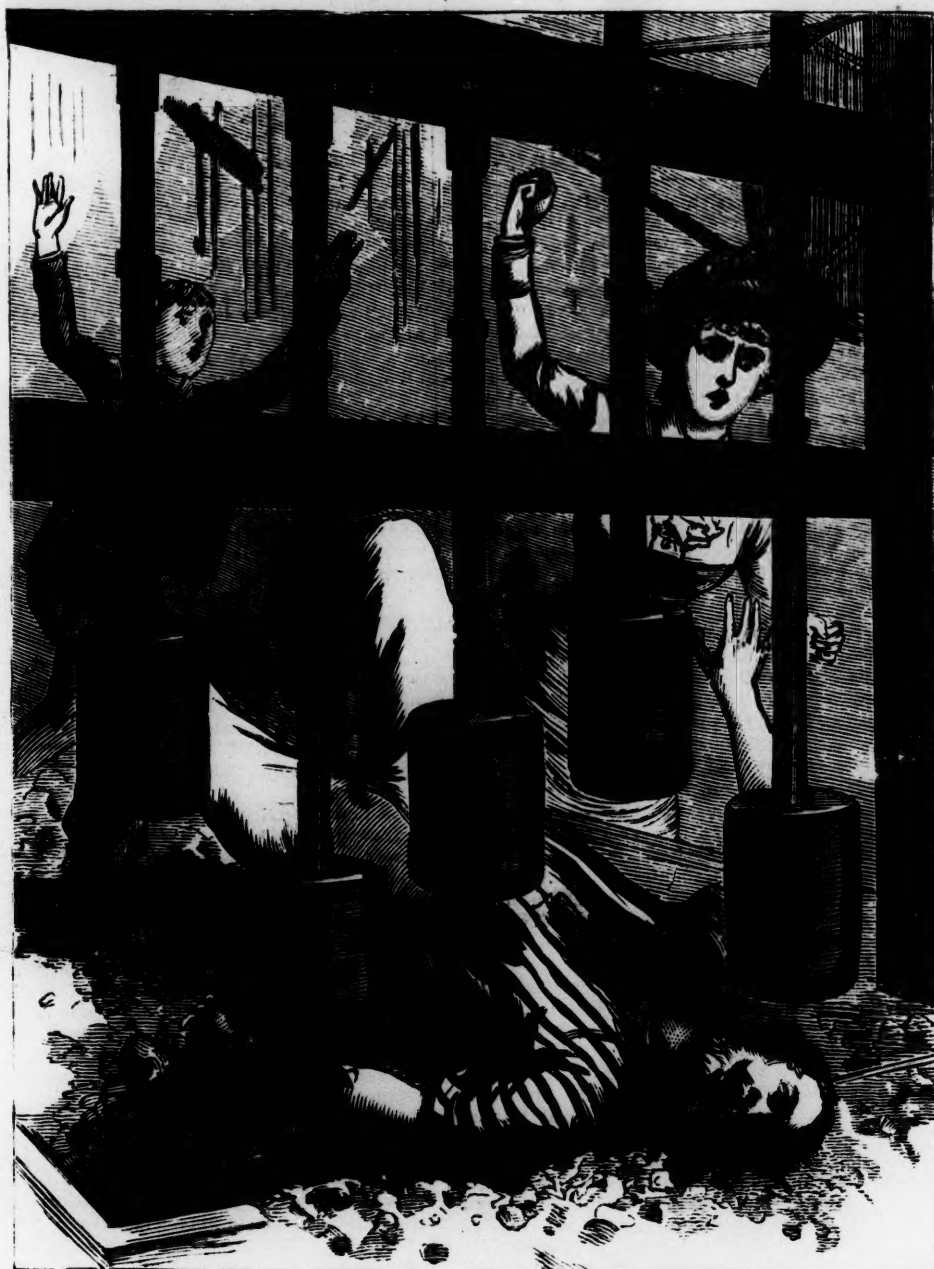
[Subject of Illustration.]

An eccentric California equestrienne, a spoiled child of one of the new millionaires of the Sacramento region, has a pet mare which she treats with such extreme kindness as to excite general remark. One of her freaks is to have the mare to dine with her at the table, the animal eating out of a platter while she enjoys her own meat. The young lady is heart-free and resists the advances of the beaux, declaring the only company she can tolerate is that of her favorite steed.



AN ACTRESS' LOVE LETTERS.

HOW A NEW YORK ARTISTE DROPPED TO HER AGENT'S GAME, GOT HER LETTERS
BACK FROM HIM AND AVOIDED A SCANDAL.



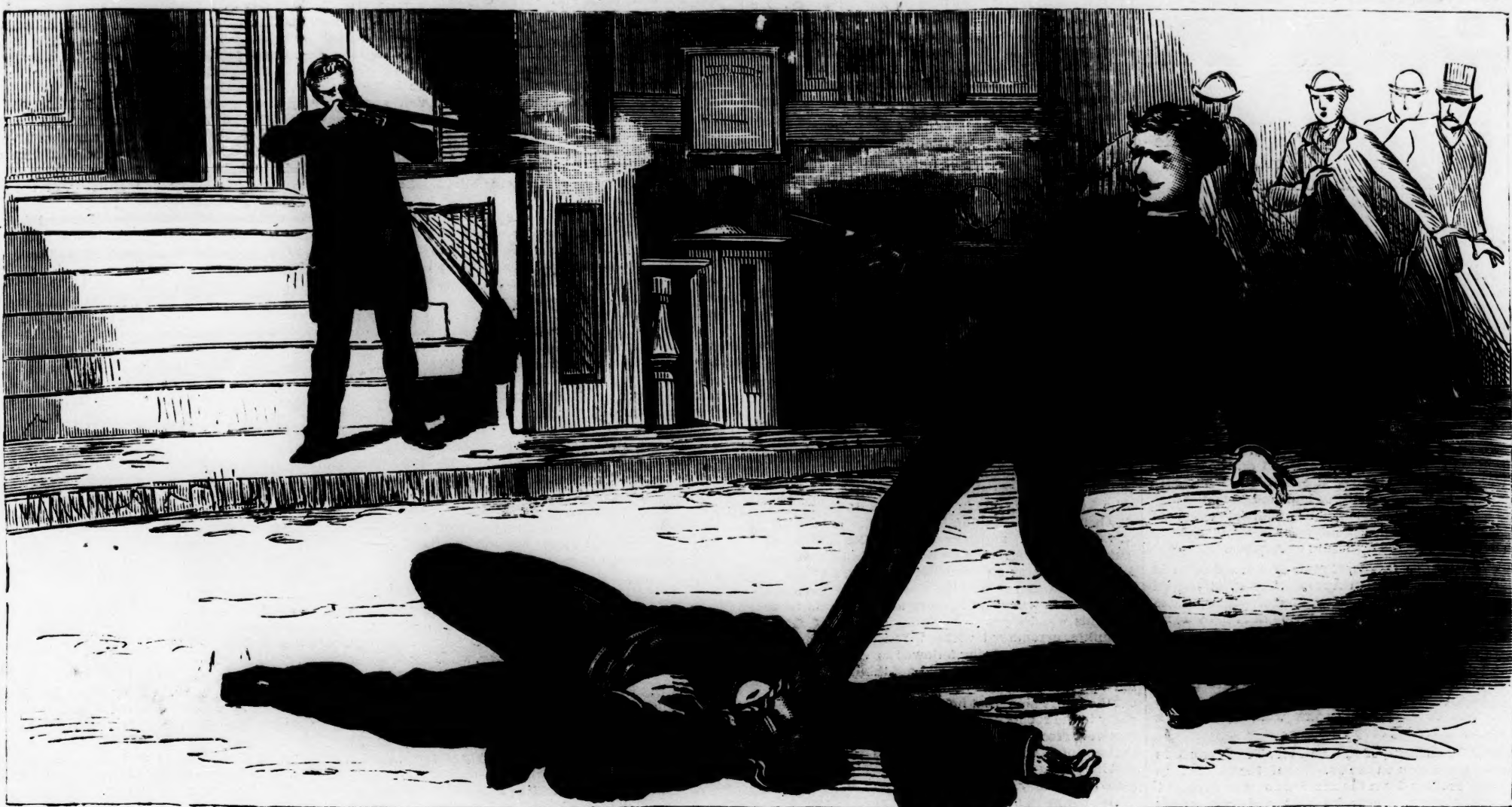
A WIFE'S TERRIBLE REVENGE.

SHE PURSUES HER HUSBAND TO THE MINES OF HUACHUCA MOUNTAINS AND HAS
HIM KILLED UNDER AN ORE CRUSHER.



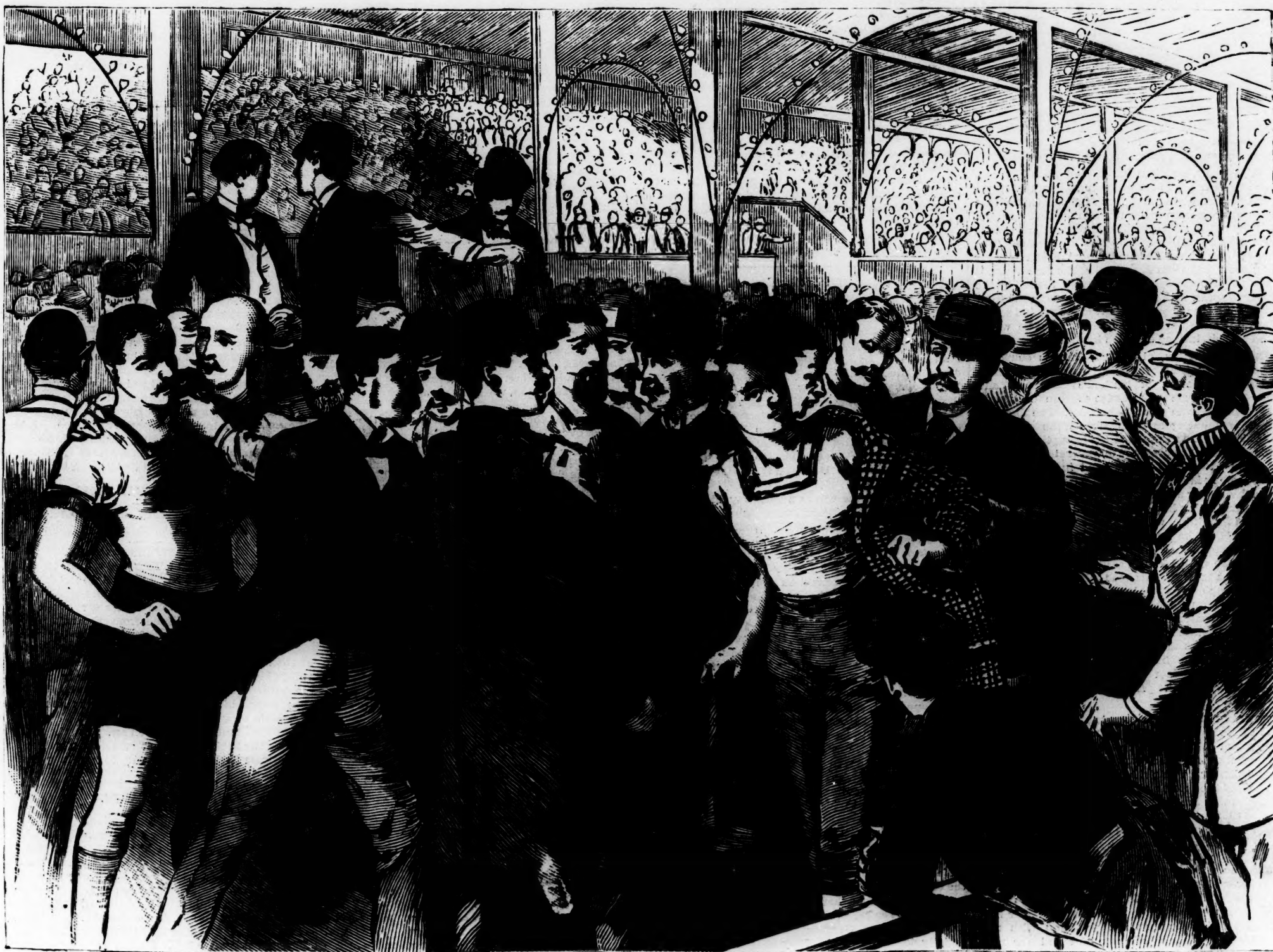
AVENGED BY FIRE.

THE TERRIBLE PRICE A CREOLE LADY-KILLER PAID FOR THE PLEASURE OF RUINING THREE GIRLS AND NOT HOLDING HIS TONGUE
ABOUT IT; MARIE GALANTE, LA.



A CHARACTERISTIC TRAGEDY.

THREE RICH AND PROMINENT CITIZENS OF KNOXVILLE, TENN., SLAUGHTER EACH OTHER OFF-HAND FOR TRIVIAL CAUSE.



STRIPPING FOR THE STRUGGLE.

THE FAMOUS PEDESTRIANS' LAST MOMENT OF PREPARATION BEFORE THE START IN THE GREAT WALKING MATCH AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Those Naughty, Naughty Parsons Up and At It Again.

A Series of Startling Irregularities Reported Against the Saints from all Parts of the Country.

At Caledonia, Mo., on Oct. 12, Samuel Perringer, a student of Bellevue College, under control of the M. E. church, south, is lying dangerously wounded by a knife in the hands of William Patterson. Perringer is said to be entirely to blame and Patterson is exonerated by all parties.

The chapel at Westport Harbor, Mass., was burned by an incendiary late on the night of Oct. 10. The loss is estimated at \$2,000 which is probably covered in part by insurance. A sign was found in front of the ruins one morning bearing the inscription: "Another den cleared out: a den of hypocrites."

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER has formally withdrawn from Congregational fellowship. He will not subscribe to the popular notion of hell and doesn't believe that he is to be roasted even a little bit. He therefore draws out, abolishes hell and establishes a new heaven all for himself. It's a cold day when old Beecher gets left in prospecting for eligible sites in the newly discovered demesnes of Paradise.

JOHN CHARLES OATES, 62 years of age, a deacon in the Baptist church in San Antonio, Texas, attempted to swindle the Knights of Honor out of \$3,000. Oates went out to the Rio Grande and soon after his wife received a telegram announcing his murder. She presently applied for benefit but her story was discredited and an inquiry ordered which resulted in the finding of Oates on a farm in Gonzales county, where he had made calculations looking to the acquisition of the \$3,000. Mrs. Oates played her part well, attiring as a widow and affecting deep grief.

REV. MR. BROOKS, of San Antonio, Texas, went to the railroad station on the evening of the 3d inst. to receive a brother from the north who was expected to arrive in town. There he met a deacon of his church who claimed the right to receive and entertain the northern parson. His pastor called him a "damned drunken bum." Then the deacon hit out but the parson countered neatly and slogged his beloved brother so diligently that he went all to pieces and couldn't come to time. This settled the dispute on a sensible basis and the Rev. Mr. Brooks carried off the visitor.

At Jerseyville, Ill., on the 2d inst., there was begun the trial of J. W. Voorhees for the murder of Truman Laudon on the 11th of July, 1881. The murdered man was young, wealthy, well connected and a prominent member of the First Baptist church of Jerseyville. In his defence the murderer's counsel charged Laudon with criminal intimacy with the wife of Voorhees previous to her marriage; also of writing a letter to her of an improper character, found on the 13th of July, 1881, at the time Voorhees' wife is said to have taken poison with the intention of committing suicide. The next day the murder was committed. All the parties were prominent members of the church.

J. B. MORTON, the pious Sunday school teacher of Memphis, Tenn., who several months ago raised the cheek of his employer and secured \$600 by the scheme made his escape from the county jail on the evening of Oct. 13 by coolly walking out of the front gate while the turnkey was attending to some other matters. The lady with whom Morton boarded previous to his falling from grace was at the jail at the time he made his escape. He had been brought from his cell by the turnkey to speak with her when she came in the front gate. The turnkey had neglected to lock it and seeing it open Morton remarked to his visitor that he would go and close it, instead of which he made his escape.

THE REV. MR. ALLAN, of Osgood, Ont., is suing numerous members of his congregation for slander. There was a great gathering of Methodist ministers and friends of the parson in the assize court in Ottawa on Oct. 5 when the cases came up for trial. The first case taken up was that against a member of the congregation named Starnes, the allegation being that the defendant stated in the presence of several others that Mrs. Allan had caught her husband in bed with Miss Hume, a young lady for whom the parson appears to have had a strong affection. The evidence developed the fact that Allan had been charged with immoral conduct in Franklin, where he was previously stationed, and that he accepted \$500 as compensation from a member of his congregation for circulating a rumor that he visited houses of ill fame and was seen reclining on a sofa with his head pillowed on the bosom of a nymph du pays; also that he had recently accepted \$100 from a defendant in one of the present suits and then entered an action for \$10,000 damages. The reverend gentleman characterized the slander as false and malicious and his wife denied the truth of the report that she had seen any evidence of his perfidy. His demeanor in court and light manner in which he treated the grave charges were matters of comment.

CATHERINE BACHMAN, a comely girl aged 16, began a suit in Brooklyn on the 18th of October against J. J. Raber, pastor of the R. C. Church of St. Leonard's in Williamsburg, L. I. She wants \$15,000 for an alleged libel and slander. The girl had been employed in the household of the priest and he had written to her sister among other things that she had fallen in bad company and that she had stolen from him. A witness testified that Father Raber had told him in the parsonage that he could prove by a sister that Katie had stolen money and when she denied it Father Raber said: "You are a bad, good for nothing little girl and I am going to lick you yet." Then he ran around the table and shook his fist at Katie. The witness indignantly added: Father Raber raised his hand over Katie this way (holding up the right hand with the first and second finger pointing upward and the rest folded in) and cried, "May the curse of God rest upon you for this life and the next." I said, "Father Raber, you mustn't curse." And then he said, "No, I will bless her." The cook ran away screaming: "He has cursed her!" and Father Raber went after Katie into the hall and wanted her to kneel down that he might bless her. I told her to come away and she said to Father Raber, "I want nothing to do with you." The plaintiff testified that Father Raber gave her \$5 just before Christmas when he was drunk. He gave her

\$2 in the afternoon and \$3 in the evening. She told him this when he asked her where she got the money. He said he could prove she had stole it by Sister — and Mrs. Aut, the cook. She asked him to call these persons but he did not. She returned him a cloak which he had given her. In the afternoon it was announced that the parties had settled the case between themselves and the complaint and answer were withdrawn.

TOT DUNKLE'S CAPTURE.

A Resolute Pursuit and Daring Capture of One of the Kewanee Bank Robbers.

[With Portrait.] On the 2d inst. Detective J. C. Maginn of Pinkerton's agency passed through Omaha en route for Chicago, having in charge T. J. Dunkle, whose portrait we give. The prisoner is the last of the Kewanee, Ill., bank robbers and was captured by Maginn at Butte, Montana, on Sept. 28, after a long chase.

Dunkle had been traveling under the name of Thomas Moore and was followed through Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota and along the Northern Pacific to Fargo, Bismarck, Miles City, Billings and Fort Custer. At the last mentioned point Dunkle purchased a pony for \$100 from an Indian and he traveled over the country alone with his rifle for 350 miles, being about seven days out when on Tuesday, the 28th ult., he landed at Butte City, Montana. He had at the beginning of the chase about forty days start of Maginn, who kept gaining on him and got into Butte only one day behind him. Maginn identified his handwriting at various hotel registers in Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota. Upon arriving in Butte Maginn found Dunkle's handwriting on the hotel register and the next day arrested him at a stable where he had his horse and just as he was about to make arrangements to resume his wanderings.

Dunkle surrendered without resistance. He had no idea that he was being followed so closely and believed he was safe, for he did not think his companion had given him away and therefore he labored under the impression that he was not known to be a party to the robbery. Fifteen hundred and sixty dollars were recovered from him. He says he lost a package of \$500 in currency and says that when he and his partner left Kewanee they had in their school \$5,800 in currency and between \$600 and \$700 in gold. Welsh got more money than he did and they were unable to make an equal division afterward as no opportunity was afforded. Dunkle explains his brutal treatment of Miss Palmer, the assistant cashier, by saying that when he was trying to gag her she got one of his fingers of the left hand in her mouth and bit it clear to the bone and he was obliged to strike her on the side of the head in order to make her let go. The mark of her bite remains on his finger.

While he was dragging her into the vault she gave three yells and in throwing her upon the floor he fell upon her and placed his knee upon her but he denies having kicked her. She must have been hurt by falling. Dunkle talks freely of the robbery and views the situation coolly. He says the scheme was organized by Pratt and that he, Dunkle, was inveigled into it by Welsh. Dunkle was financially embarrassed and hence entered into the plan. He is a prepossessing, intelligent young man, well and powerfully built and is about 25 years old; is a traveling salesman by occupation and at the time of the robbery was in the employ of Wannamaker & Brown, clothiers of Philadelphia, for whom he had worked about three years. His home is at Des Moines, Iowa, where his parents reside. In his flight he stopped two days under cover with a friend in Des Moines, who drove him out of town in a buggy to a small railroad station. His relatives did not know he was in town nor were they aware at that time that he was a bank robber.

EMMY RENE.

[With Portrait.]

Mademoiselle Emmy Rene, one of the brightest and most pleasing German actresses in this country, was borne in Paris in 1859, of a French father and a German mother. In her early youth the Renes settled down in Breslau, Silesia, and here it was that Mile. Emmy remained until her fifteenth year, when she first went on the stage. Both her parents strenuously opposed her desire to join the theatrical profession, but their resistance ceased when Herr Muller, the owner of the largest Berlin theatre, informed them that Emmy's voice was extraordinarily good and that she was destined to become a lyric star of the first magnitude.

Muller's prediction was in a fair way of being fulfilled when an accident occurred which blasted many of the young girl's hopes. While awaiting her turn to step on the boards one evening Mile. Rene received a letter from home informing her that her only sister had been killed in a railroad accident. The shock to Mile. Rene's system brought on a long and serious illness, and completely destroyed her singing voice. After her recovery she returned home to her parents, but was soon seized with her old yearning for the stage. Not being able to sing, she devoted herself to the drama. Her success was second to few. As a soubrette she made a decided hit in Berlin in 1877, still under the management of Muller, and the same year saw her triumphant in Vienna and Dresden.

She appeared chiefly in comedies by l'Arronge, Dessolr, Berg and Kotzebue. Later she played with Gallmeyer and still later made a most successful tour in Italy. Her style was much appreciated by the Italians who preferred her innate vivacity and entrain to the stilted mannerisms of many of her troupe. At Florence a delegation of students almost smothered her in roses, and in Venice she was dined by the Mayor and municipal council.

Her latest triumphs were in her native city, Breslau, where she was received with enthusiasm. Herr Connel, manager of the Thalia Theatre, New York, experienced the greatest difficulty in getting her to sign the contract with him, but he has had no cause to regret it, for albeit she has as yet appeared in no chief role at the Thalia, she is already making a marked impression on the German theatre-going public, especially in "Women As They Should Not Be" and "Gringolre."

Mile. Rene's style is somewhat similar to Gallmeyer's, and even if she lacks the study, experience and imaginative powers of Vienna's "fresche Pepl," she is a soubrette such as one finds but few on the American stage. She was married a year ago to Senor Von K—, a rich South American planter of Holland descent. He is at present in Nicaragua and is said to be interested in the Panama canal. He was separated from his bride two hours after the marriage.

GEORGE ROOKE KNOCKED OUT.

Details of His Lively Rally With Mike Cleary at the Alhambra, New York.

[With Portrait.]

Sporting men and pugilists who attended the benefit of George Rooke, the noted pugilist, which was given at the Alhambra sporting theatre on Oct. 17th were treated to a great surprise. Rooke had agreed to give any pugilist in America, no matter whether he was white or black, champion or ex-champion, a fixed sum if he could succeed in knocking him, Rooke, out of time.

Many looked upon Rooke's challenge as a card to draw a large crowd but when the fact was published that Mike Cleary, the young giant and the champion boxer of Philadelphia, would face Rooke and attempt to win the money the announcement created considerable excitement.

The Alhambra was packed. When it was known that Cleary and the Philadelphia mer who accompanied him were in earnest dispatches were sent to prominent sporting men and McGillickey, the popular boxer, with a delegation from Bridgeport, and Sweeney, from New Haven and Charley Norton from Newark, and others flocked to the city. Rooke was informed that Cleary was in earnest and he smiled.

After a fine performance by noted boxers and wrestlers Rooke appeared on the stage for the wind-up. Cleary came on a few seconds later. Frank Whittaker introduced the pugilists and was chosen referee.

Cleary assumed a fine attitude with his left well up and his right hand across his breast so that he could either stop or swing it when opportunity offered.

Rooke took his usual position, with his head down and eyes turned toward the floor. Round 1. After a little sparring Rooke sent his left in on Cleary's body and the latter quickly countered in capital style on Rooke's forehead. Sharp hitting followed with no advantage to either. Again they countered, Rooke hitting Cleary's body, while the Philadelphia champion managed to land his left on Rooke's jaw. Every point gained was loudly applauded.

In the next rally Cleary planted a heavy left-hander on Rooke's nose and Rooke plunged at his antagonist. Cleary was waiting for him and cleverly stopping the blow made a tremendous effort to knock Rooke down but failed. Some quick in-fighting followed, when all at once Cleary's right hand shot out and landed on Rooke's jugular vein, staggering him. He reeled, rolled his eyes and fell like a log on the stage.

The crowd cheered and yelled and the Philadelphia fans jumped on the tables and gave three cheers for Cleary. "There's no Elliott about that fellow," "There's a champion for you," were some of the expressions heard. New York sporting men were bewildered, while pugilists who had seen and fought many battles did not know what to make of it. Rooke was lifted up but could not stand alone, and was dragged to his corner and seated in a chair. Many supposed the contest would end here but the referee's watch probably stopped for five minutes and time was called.

Round 2. Rooke came up to the scratch weakly but he summoned all his strength and tried to retaliate. Cleary had him measured and forced the fighting. Both pugilists stood face to face and countered heavily, when suddenly Cleary again delivered a heavy blow, striking Rooke's left ear and he again went down. He tried to regain his feet but was unable to do so.

The Philadelphia sports cheered and yelled and the excitement was intense. Rooke did not appear to realize that he had been twice knocked out. He looked around wildly and did not notice the cheers. After another resting spell of five minutes time was again called.

Round 3. Rooke on standing up appeared to have somewhat recovered from the effect of Cleary's sledge-hammer blows and urged on by his friends he opened hostilities. He landed his left on Cleary's ribs and received a stinging blow on the neck in return. Sharp in-fighting for a second followed, when one of the Philadelphia crowd yelled: "Give him one for Vine street, Cleary." In an instant Cleary let go his right and it landed on Rooke's neck. The latter staggered and rushed in, when Cleary again knocked him down.

Tremendous cheers greeted Cleary but the battle was not over. Rooke, who had been assisted to his feet, tried a clinch but Cleary fought him down. Rooke was again assisted to his feet but he could not stand. He clutched at the ropes and fell. He was taken out of the ring and Cleary was hailed the victor.

Rooke during the contest did not recover from the sledge-hammer blow he received in the first round. Cleary proved himself a wonder. He will probably be matched against Sullivan. Rooke after he had recovered was asked what he thought about it and said: "Well, I have been downed; that's nothing; I have downed many a one."

We saw Mike McCoolle knock Aaron Jones senseless by a tremendous right-hand blow, saw Charley Gallagher whip Tom Allen and knock him out of time in three minutes; we have seen Billy Edwards deliver the auctioneer on Sam Oliver and put him to sleep; witnessed George Rooke knock McClellan out of time by a terrific blow; witnessed Elliott paralyze Dick Egan, the Troy Terror, and Sullivan knock Elliott out by a tremendous sledge-hammer blow, but we never witnessed anything like the blow Cleary landed on Rooke's neck. It was well measured and put in a style that would do credit to a Mace.

Mike Cleary, the coming champion heavy-weight pugilist, whose portrait we publish, resides in Philadelphia. He was born in Queen's county, Ireland, in 1857. He is a powerful young gladiator, possessed of great muscular development. He stands 5ft. 8in. in height and weighs 175lbs. Cleary has gained a great reputation as a pugilist. He is a clever, scientific boxer possessed of much science, and he has a host of admirers in New York and Philadelphia. He has fought only one battle in the prize ring, that on March 22, 1878, with James Weeden, the pugilist who killed Philip Koster, better known as Walker, in the prize ring. In the battle with Weeden Cleary proved that he possessed all the qualities necessary to make a first-class pugilist and displayed great courage and stamina. He beat Weeden in 38 rounds which were fought in 1h. and 38m. Some time ago Cleary's ambition was to be champion heavy-weight pugilist of America and he offered to fight any of the heavy or middle-weights but none of the many pugilists gave him an opportunity.

He has greatly improved in physique lately. He is only 24 years old, just the age of John L. Sullivan. Cleary's great boxing ability and his tremendous hitting

powers displayed in the contest with Rooke at the Alhambra on Oct. 18 have made the old ring goers believe that he is a match for any pugilist in America barring none. He is a cool, scientific boxer, can stop, hit and counter in first-class style and the blow he delivered on George Rooke's jugular will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Cleary keeps a sporting house in Philadelphia and recently stated he would not again fight in the ring. If he decides to reconsider his determination Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, will match him to fight any man in America for \$1,000.

The following is Uncle Joe Elliott's, of the New York Herald, report of the affair:

Rooke was seemingly much the taller and heavier man. At the call of time they quickly advanced to the centre of the stage and put themselves in fighting attitudes, Cleary being by far the more graceful and scientific in his movements, he having his hands well up and his head thrown back, while Rooke had a stooping position by which he lost all the advantage of his extra height and besides he kept his head and hands low with his eyes on the ground, the latter being a habit which no other boxer in this country has ever indulged in. The men were not long in front of each other before Rooke led with his left at Cleary's body, for which favor he caught a left hander in the face. This seemed to rile Rooke and he let go his left and right at Cleary's head, for which favors the latter returned compliments with left and right and at last by a well directed right-hander full in Rooke's face knocked the latter down. He fell all in a heap on the stage, perfectly unconscious of what had brought him down. He was lifted up and seated in a chair and after about five minutes' attendance he came to his senses. When sufficiently restored time was again called and the men faced each other. Rooke hastened to get at his opponent but after a few exchanges Cleary again planted his right hand in the front of Rooke's face, and down he went again for another five minute nap. Cleary took a chair and waited for his opponent to recover. When Rooke became sensible of the situation he got up and advanced to the centre of the stage and quickly went to work. Cleary soon knocked him down however by a well directed right-hander, but Rooke did not go to sleep this time. He got up and went for Cleary. The latter after a few straight left-handers let go his auctioneer and again down went Rooke, this time as insensible as if he had been hit with a pole axe, and the jig was up. George Rooke was knocked out.

RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villainies that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.

A BURGlar was surprised in the house of a man named Pierce, in Dallas, Texas, late on the night of Oct. 4. In his struggle to escape he flung a lighted kerosene lamp at the head of Mr. Pierce. The lamp exploded and set fire to the house, which was totally destroyed, the burglar escaping in the confusion.

On the evening of Oct. 6 Michael Lapielle, a police officer of Louisville, Ky., shot and killed in the station house Henry Coons, captain of the Portland fire company. Lapielle and Coons had entertained a mutual hatred for some time. Coons had slandered Lapielle's married daughter and had severely thrashed her husband for resenting the insult. Recently she retaliated by entering suit for \$10,000 for damages and since that Coons and Lapielle have been more bitter than ever. On the evening of the 6th Coons went to the station-house armed with a revolver and Lapielle met him at the door with a similar weapon. Both opened fire and after two shots on either side Coons fell dead with a bullet through his brain.

At Sextonville, Wis., Ephraim Dockerty, who had married a widow, couldn't get along with her son, a young man named Arthur Van Deusen. After many domestic rows Ephraim warned Arthur away from the premises and threatened to kill him on sight the next time he came in the vicinity. On the 6th inst. the two met in the road and Dockerty at once went down for his revolver. The young man was too quick for him though, for he got out his pistol first and put a bullet through his step father's brain, killing him instantly.

At Indianapolis, Oct. 6, two hostlers, James Johnson and Joseph Donaldson, engaged in a terrific fight. Donaldson used a shovel as a weapon, cutting his adversary horribly about the head and face. Johnson fought with his pocket knife, stabbing Donaldson in a dozen places and would probably have killed him had not the blade been broken by striking against a rib.

A WIFE'S TERRIBLE REVENGE.

She Pursues Her Recreant Husband to the Mines of the Huachuca Mountains and Kills Him.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was a rumor in Tucson, Arizona, on the 18th inst. of a terrible tragedy at a mining claim in the Huachuca mountain region. A man named Hamersneth, who had been in the mines for two or three months and who had come from the east accompanied by a youth whom he called Arthur Jackson, was killed by being thrust under an ore crusher and pounded to a jelly by its hammer. The boy who accompanied him was, it is said, a woman in disguise. He had eloped with her and his wife and the brother of the girl tracked him to the mountains and there wreaked a terrible vengeance on him.

The disguised girl was taken away by the strangers and no one in the camp felt sufficiently interested in the private business of the party to go in pursuit of them.

COON SANDWICH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the sights of New York recently has been a stalwart gentleman of the Ethiopian persuasion who regularly at a certain hour in the afternoon appears on the street sandwiched between two pretty girls of unmistakable Caucasian extraction. The festive coon is attired in the highest style of the art, and flashes as many diamonds as a burlesque beauty. He walks as if he owned the street and talks in the choicest Bleeker street English. He is a wealthy caterer of the Ninth Ward, and the girls are his wife and sister-in-law—at least they do duty as such. They used to be employed by him to take orders in his office and keep his books until he promoted them to their present proud positions, and to judge from appearances they are not in the least averse to the distinction. It is an old saying that "money talks," and as long as silks and sealskins are behind it the daisies in question evidently do not care about the color of the hand that signs the checks.

THE PRIZE RING.

New Rumors and Old Causes of War, Considered.

The Light-Weight Champions' Long Argument Over the Balance of a Few Pounds Weight.

Prize ring matters are again booming. One battle has been decided since our last issue, one match arranged and several more are on the tapis, so that the patrons of the manly art and the "coves wot loves a mill" will have plenty of sensations in the fistic way during the fall and winter season.

We expected ere now that we should be able to chronicle that a prize fight had been arranged between Charley Norton of Newark, N. J., and Edward McGlinchey of Bridgeport, Conn. Norton recently posted \$100 at this office and issued a challenge daring any pugilist in America to fight him according to the new rules of the London prize ring for \$1,000 a side. It must be understood that when Norton issued the challenge and stated that he was ready to arrange a match he stipulated to fight at 133lbs., that being the limit of light-weight, all over 133lbs. up to 154lbs. being considered in the middle-weight class.

Perhaps Norton putting the weight up to the limit was the reason no pugilist replied to his deft, while if he had challenged to fight at 128lbs. it is more than likely he might have found some pugilist ready to meet him. Norton, failing to bring out any of the light-weights, issued another challenge offering to fight Ed. McGlinchey either with or without gloves for \$1,000 a side. Again did Norton put in the bar, for he stipulated that McGlinchey should not exceed 135lbs. in weight, while he would confine himself to 133lbs., or, to employ the sporting vernacular, he would allow McGlinchey 2lbs.

It must be understood that McGlinchey is above the light-weight class of pugilists, while he is several pounds lighter than the middle-weight limit, so when matches are proposed at a limited weight he is in a peculiar position. He cannot fight at 133lbs. while he can at 140lbs., which is his regular fighting weight.

Thus it will be seen that he is 14lbs. under the middle-weight boundary and 7lbs. over the light-weight limit. He would be handicapped to fight as a middle-weight, while it is impossible for him to battle for the light-weight championship, at least so he claims. McGlinchey agreed to fight if this state of affairs was taken into account. We would suppose, and many will endorse our opinion, that Norton with his great science and wide spread reputation—for he holds the title of light-weight champion, which he won by defeating Jim Frawley in a prompt and easy manner—would not for a moment hesitate to meet McGlinchey and arrange a match at catch weights. In our opinion he would not have the worse end of the bargain. On the contrary, we think the match would be an even one. McGlinchey has never fought in the ring; he has never faced anybody in the magic circle with the muffers off and who can judge how he will perform? He says he is willing to meet Norton at catch weights, without gloves, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for \$1,000 a side, or he will agree to fight for the light-weight championship according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules, for \$1,000 a side.

Norton however refuses to accept either of these offers and as both propositions are fair ones we are of the opinion that Norton is not over anxious to meet the clever exponent of the manly art from Bridgeport. McGlinchey refuses to fight under 140lbs., while Norton refuses to fight under or over 133lbs. and that is just the way the matter stands.

We have seen many skillful pugilists who were masters of all they met with the gloves all at sea when they got into the ring in a match with bare knuckles. McGlinchey may be a wonder, another Billy Edwards, who, it will be remembered, flew at the championship at the first essay and won the proud title at the first meeting. Both pugilists have indulged in considerable paper warfare. There has been plenty of smoke and now the public are anxiously looking for the fire. McGlinchey's proposition to fight at catch weights without gloves or to meet Norton for the light-weight championship according to Marquis of Queensbury rules is a sticking plaster which the light-weight champion cannot readily rub off, that is if he is eager for a match. The public have heard enough of challenging; now they want to see match-making and no more taffy business and quibbling over a few pounds weight will stand them off.

Tom Sayers never haggled or argued over weight. He fought them big and little just as they came along and he never had the worst of the bargain. A champion should always give a novice a start and we are of the opinion that Norton on his reputation could afford to give McGlinchey seven pounds. By the bye, if McGlinchey cannot very well stand such a noted formidable pugilist sweeping so near his doorstep without seeing a danger light, the sporting public when they read this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE will be thoroughly enlightened on the Norton and McGlinchey match tangle and when they see Sweeney's, the noted English pugilist's, bold and business-like offer, they will expect the Bridgeport pugilist to accept his offer; that is, providing he does not see more bait in a match with the light-weight champion. Sweeney's money is ready and all McGlinchey has to do is to say he will fight. So if he finds that the light-weight champion will not come to terms he may find a customer just his size, just his weight but not quite so clever near his doorstep, who will make him either fight or back down.

To justify the foregoing we make the following statement: We know a sporting man in this city who will back Tom Sweeney (the pugilist who was matched to fight Donahue of New Haven) of New Haven, Conn., to fight Ed. McGlinchey according to the new rules of the London prize ring for \$500 or \$1,000 a side and the 140lb. championship. Sweeney keeps a sporting house in New Haven, Conn., and he is ready to mill any man breathing at 140lbs. Now is McGlinchey's time. He has been before the public as a first-class scientific boxer for a number of years. Time and again he has signified his willingness to fight. At last he has the opportunity and the sporting public will note his action in the emergency.

The prize fight mania is spreading in Colorado. On Oct. 15 Jack Hanley was whipped in three rounds by

Andy Sweeney near Kansas City. On Oct. 23 Bryan Campbell, of Pueblo, Col., and Billy Lynn, of Eureka, Nevada, are to fight with hard gloves at South Pueblo, Col., for \$500 a side. The battle is to be conducted according to the rules of the London prize ring. On Oct. 28, at Florence, Col., Jim Donovan and George Trippett are to fight according to the rules of the London prize ring for \$200 a side. Tom Walling, the pugilist of Williamsburg, Col., is training Trippett. Walling is anxious to fight any middle-weight pugilist in Colorado. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has received a forfeit from Walling, with the following challenge:

WILLIAMSBURG, COL., Oct. 13, 1882.

Richard K. Fox, Prop'r POLICE GAZETTE:

There are several pugilists in this vicinity who pretend they are eager to fight and want to travel among sporting men styling themselves champions. Among them are Billy Lynn, Dave Thomas, Jack Gaffney and Bryan Campbell. Now, I have forwarded you a forfeit and wish you would state in the sporting department of your impartial sporting journal, which is all the rage out this way, that I am prepared to fight any pugilist in Colorado according to the new rules of the London prize ring, at 145lbs. and weigh on the day of fighting, for \$500 a side, Campbell, Thomas, Lynn and Gaffney preferred. Or I will fight either Andy Sweeney of Kansas City or Jack Hanley on the same terms. Bryan Campbell defeated me in West Virginia owing to an accident, my finger breaking, and he received the stakes, but he is afraid to meet me again. My money at the POLICE GAZETTE office proves I mean business and I dare any pugilist in Colorado to cover it.

TOM WALLING.

We have received Walling's money in proof that he means business and cannot see why Bryan Campbell should be afraid to meet him. At the time Bryan Campbell received the \$1,000 stakes in this office he stated he would fight Walling any time and said he could whip him certain. Now Campbell must know Walling is anxious to again meet him and if he refuses to do so the sporting public will come to the conclusion that the Leadville pugilist, who has fought several capital and well contested battles, is afraid of Walling. What says Campbell?

Tom Belcher, when he was champion pugilist of England, went out for a drive with Shelton. He was always ready for adventure and loved to engage in a turn-up outside the ropes. While driving down Highgate Hill, London, in the gig, he was challenged to have a trotting match by two sports in a chaise, who did not know Belcher. The latter, who was driving a fast nag, at once attempted to give them the go by but the sporting swells would not let him. Belcher drove his gig full force against the other vehicle and nearly upset it. In an instant one of the swells, a six-footer, stopped their rig and jumped out and threatened to thrash Belcher, little dreaming what he was about to undertake. He went so far as to seize the champion by the leg in order to pull him out of the vehicle to fight, at the same time agreeing to fight both Belcher and Shelton.

"Let go my leg," said Belcher, "and I will jump out and warm you, depend upon it."

Belcher had but recently whipped Dougherty for the championship of England after a well contested battle which lasted thirty-five minutes, and his hand which had been badly injured during the battle was tied up in a poultice. He got out however and in a few minutes managed to give his opponent a straight right hander on the bridge of the nose and by way of a finisher he planted another on the would-be pugilist's mug which sent him staggering to the ground, where he lay badly used up and insensible. Belcher mounted his gig with all the sang froid possible, good naturedly advising the man who supposed he could fight never to threaten in future to beat two persons at once and further suggesting that he take lessons in boxing from Hen Pearce, the Game Chicken.

At the first inn the party who had received such a drubbing found to his surprise that he had been engaged with Tom Belcher.

Jack Firby, a muscular specimen of humanity weighing 220lbs. and 6ft. in height, well known in London in 1817, frequently boasted how he could thrash Belcher. Firby was not a pugilist but he had gained notoriety by frequent brawls by thrashing some person who was no match for him or by making trouble for the publicans in the vicinity of Holborn. Nearly everyone gave him a wide berth owing to his pugnacious abilities and his great strength. He would seldom strike an opponent but clinched anyone he opposed and threw him with terrific force to the floor. He appeared always ready for a row.

In the castle at Holborn one day he called for a pot of beer and the waiter attended to his demand but in placing it upon the table he stumbled and the liquor was upset and splashed over Firby's polished top boots. In an instant the Ruffian, by which appellation he was well known, jumped to his feet and the next instant he held the pot boy dangling in mid-air and then threw him heavily against the bar. The boy fell with tremendous force and his head was cut and his shoulder badly bruised. Several of the inmates of the place interfered and Firby knocked them down and threw them in all directions.

At this stage of affairs a powerful man who had been sipping his brandy and water in a corner of the room came upon the scene and remonstrated with the angry brute who undertook to serve him as he had the others. Firby rushed in to close with his opponent when he received a well directed left-hander on the mouth and a right-hand blow on the neck. A desperate fight followed and in spite of Firby's knowledge of boxing his nob was instantly placed in jeopardy, his peepers were taken measure of for a suit of mourning and his mug exhibited in a short space of time all the high vernillion touches without the aid of a painter. In a few minutes he was completely satisfied and was glad to retire, covered with shame. On Firby's coming to his senses, for he was knocked insensible and laid out for twenty minutes, he was informed that he had at last met Tom Belcher and received his deserts. Belcher's timely chastisement had the desired effect on Firby, for he was not heard of again.

At McCormick's Hall, Chicago, Oct. 14, about 600 spectators assembled to witness James Elliott and Captain James Dalton engage in a four round glove contest in which the Marquis of Queensbury rules governed. Elliott had offered Dalton \$100 to spar him four rounds. Dalton had accepted. When the time came Elliott insisted on having gloves which had been used throughout the evening and had been in his possession for some time. Dalton wanted properly enough to have new gloves. Elliott wouldn't fight with the new gloves; Dalton wouldn't fight with the old ones.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AGENTS AND BOOK CANVASSERS

Would do well to send for Catalogue and Price List of the POLICE GAZETTE Illustrated Publications. The most popular selling books in America. Catalogues and sample copies furnished free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William Street, New York.

S., Sing Sing, N. Y.—No.
F. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Yes
GREENHORN, Michigan.—Yes
C. H. D., Williamstown, Conn.—Yes
CONSTANT READER, St. Louis, Mo.—Yes
T. H. B., Irwin, Col.—It was a 48 hour contest.
J. E. G., Erie, Pa.—We have only samples which we need.

DOG FANCIER, N. Y.—There is no other book published.

E. T. H., Scranton, Pa.—We believe he was born in England.

A. B. C., Pittsburg, Pa.—No. Send for the "American Athlete."

W. F. C. O., Ogden, Utah.—Send on \$1 and we can procure you the book.

J. B., Mackinaw, Ill.—Elliott was born in Athlone, County Galway, Ireland.

W. B., Lowell, Mass.—Seward, the pedestrian, was born in New Haven, Conn.

J. F. B., Harlem, N. Y.—The Chicago base ball club won the pennant for 1882.

J. R. B., Coal Castle, Pa.—Send on fifty cents and we will forward you the book.

P. O., Brumwell C. H., S. C.—Paddy Ryan keeps a saloon on State street, Chicago.

J. F. B., Harlem, N. Y.—The Chicago base ball club won the championship pennant.

L. W. L., Keyesville, Mo.—Have handed your letters to parties who will write you.

S. O. B., Hudson street, N. Y.—Send on a forfeit if you desire your challenge published.

J. N., Gilbertsville, Mass.—Billy Edwards was born in Birmingham, Eng., and not in Wales.

CONSTANT READER, Erie, Pa.—We received no forfeit or challenge from Capt. J. D. Rhodes.

CONSTANT READER, Ashland, Pa.—6h. 14m. 47s., by George Hazael, London, Eng., April 21, 1879.

L. P., New York City.—1. The POLICE GAZETTE you refer to was No. 228. 2. We furnish back numbers.

J. G., Madisonburg, Ohio.—It is doubtful. If you are doing well you had better remain in your own state.

H., Manito, Ill.—Jack Hanley and Andy Sweeney fought October 16. We published a report of the fight.

M. P. C., Cannon City, Col.—One minute rest is allowed between each round, Marquis of Queensbury rules.

J. E. H., Alton, Ill.—We cannot keep track of illustrations. Why don't you keep a file of the POLICE GAZETTE?

H. M., Newburg, S. C.—We have no time to bother with your enterprise. Ask some sporting man in your city to back you.

G. E. E., Los Vegas, N. M.—Yes. He received an equal share of the proceeds and Madden and Sullivan divided the balance.

F. L. F., Lancaster, Pa.—We do not charge for publishing *boni fide* challenges when a forfeit is forwarded to the POLICE GAZETTE.

J. W. R., Walkersville, Pa.—John Hughes covered 535 miles in the champion's race at Madison Square when Hazael covered 600 miles.

A. K., Rockford, Ill.—You must be mistaken. Tom Sayers' arm was not broken when he fought John C. Heenan at Farnborough, England.

J. E. C., Farnsworth, Pa.—Maud S. made the best time on record for one mile trotting in harness, at Rochester, N. Y., August 11, 1881, 2:10 1/4.

G. V. P., Beacon Falls, Conn.—1. He followed the occupation of a hackman when he resided in New York. 2. He is a native of Kerry, Ireland.

S. G., Rahway, N. J.—Miles Johnson, of Yardville, N. J., has held the title of champion wing shot of the United States, and he has beaten Bogardus.

P. C., Hubbard, Ohio.—1. Pete McCoy never fought a regular prize fight. 2. He has figured in several glove contests and is a very scientific pugilist.

P. S., Hancock, Mich.—John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, was born in Boston, Mass. 2. We can send you the "Life of Sullivan" on receipt of 30 cents.

J. C., Manchester, N. H.—Dane, of Alpena, Michigan, and Hamilton, of Fredonia, N. Y., have both jumped over 14 feet in a standing broad jump, spirit level.

H. S., Montpelier.—1. Sir Garnet Wolseley was born at the Golden Bridge House, near Dublin, Ireland, June 4, 1833. 2. He was the son of a major of an infantry regiment.

H. S., Cleveland, Ohio.—Tug Wilson came to this country specially to accept John L. Sullivan's offer to give any pugilist \$500 that would stand up before him four three-minute rounds.

J. R., Salida, Cal.—1. In 1880. 2. Two trials. 3. In the first Mrs. Smith and Covert Bennett were sentenced to be hanged. Their counsel obtained a new trial when they were both acquitted.

S. C. B., Nemaha, Neb.—1. For shooting at a policeman. 2. Tom Allen after he was defeated by Joe Goss, was arrested and gave bonds. He jumped bail and mysteriously left for England. 3. No.

L. B., Atchison, Kansas.—We only answer correspondents through the POLICE GAZETTE. No answers by mail. It would require weeks of search through our files to furnish you the information.

C. D. G., Trenton, N. J.—1. Daniel O'Leary, the pedestrian, is in Europe. 2. He won the Astley Belt twice. 3. O'Leary and Weston are the only two American pedestrians that ever won the Astley Belt.

S. W. P., Allegheny City, Pa.—1. No. 2:10 1/4. 2. Dexter, now owned by Robert Bonner, trotted one mile in 2:14, in a private trial at the Fashion Course, L. I., August 17, 1883. 3. No. 4. We believe Bonner paid \$23,000 for Dexter.

M. W. C., Peoria, Ill.—On July 27, 1868, the Ward Brothers of Cornwall, N. Y., issued a challenge to row any four men in Great Britain six miles, for \$10,000, allow \$1,000 to row in America, or take \$1,000 for expenses to row in England.

C. E. E., Syracuse, N. Y.—1. The best single standing jump on record is 14 feet 5 1/2 inches, by G. W. Hamilton, at Romeo, Mich., October 3, 1879. 2. The best running jump on record is 29 feet 7 inches, made by John Howard, at Chester, Eng., May 8, 1854.

M. W., Albany, N. Y.—1. Hamilton, of Fredonia N. Y. 2. Bob Way won the championship when he defeated Norman P. Bortles, at Pittsburg, Pa., June 11, 1867. 3. Way's best jump in that contest was 12 feet 6 1/4 inches.

S. H., Malone, N. Y.—1. Edward P. Weston is lecturing on temperance in England. 2. On Jan. 10, 1869, he started from Bangor, Me., proposing to walk to St. Paul, Minn., and back to New York—5,000 miles. He abandoned the attempt at Buffalo, N. Y., on Feb. 10, 1869, owing to lack of funds.

H. B., Freemansville, Ohio.—The only one-legged pedestrian match of which we have any record occurred at Pittsburg, Pa., June 19, 1869, when J. T. Harper defeated P. F. Naughton, (both one-legged soldiers), in a half-mile race for a purse of \$100. 2. Harper covered the distance in 5m. 56s. 3. No.

J. W., St. Louis, Mo.—James Smith (Patrick Fitzgerald's trainer), was the 50 mile champion walker of America in 1869. 2. He won the title at Trenton, N. J., July 5, 1869, when he defeated all comers and won the champion cup, covering fifty miles in 9h. 47m. He beat Haydock, Oddy, Adams, McCann, Haydock and Napoleon Young.

D. G., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Al Smith was not referee when Jim Mace and Tom Allen fought at Kennerville, La., May 10, 1870, and A wins. 2. Rufus Hunt filled that position. Al Smith was timekeeper. 3. John C. Heenan did not second Mace, he filled the position of umpire. Jerry Donovan and Jim Cusick (Heenan's trainer), seconded Mace.

G. G., Indiantown, St. John, N. B.—In December, 1880, Sullivan was matched to fight John L. Donaldson with hard gloves, for a purse. Cincinnati, Ohio, was the battle ground. The fight was decided December 23, 1880, and it was a one-sided affair. Donaldson was no match for Sullivan. The Boston champion knocked Donaldson all to pieces in eleven rounds.

S. H., Port Chester, N. Y.—1. The time in the race made between the Thames crew and the Hillsdales was 20m. 40s. 2. The distance was 4 miles 40 yards. 3. The Tyne crew in 1869, over the shorter course, 4 miles 300 yards, could do no better than 20m. 43s. The Oxford four beat our Harvard four in 1890 in 22m. 41s., and in 1872 the London four beat our Atlanta four on the ebb from Mortlake to Putney in 21m. 25s.

R. A. T., Fort Yates, D. T.—Rats killed in 1m. 28s., Jimmy Shaw's dog Jaco, London, England, August 20, 1861; 60 rats killed in 2m. 43s. by Jaco, London, Eng., July 29, 1862; 100 rats killed in 5m. 28s., by Jaco, London, Eng., May 1, 1862; 200 rats in 14m. 37s., by Jaco, London, Eng., June 10, 1862; 1,000 rats killed in less than 100 minutes, by Jaco, London, Eng., May 1, 1862.

W. S., Selma, Ala.—1. There were two James Weeden and A wins. James Weeden, of Philadelphia, and William Walker (Philip Kosta) fought twice in the P. R.—November 19, 1876, for \$200, at catch-weight, Weeden winning in 1h. 15m., during which 43 rounds were fought; and again on August 31, 1876. Walker died from the injuries received, and Weeden was sent to Trenton state prison, N. J., where he died. Weeden, of Pittsburg, Pa., is another party.

H. W., Boston, Mass.—1. No. 2. The Elcho Shield, first given in 1865, open to teams from England, Scotland and Ireland (since 1865), has been won eleven times by England, five times by Scotland, and five times by Ireland, with a winning score ranging from 600 in the possible 1800, with which England won in 1862, to 1642, with which England won in 1881. The closest match was that of 1875 in which Ireland won—1,606, Scotland, 1,603, England, 1,602.

J. M., Bordentown, N. J.—1. Yes. 2. Gildersleeve. 3. The American team has never shot at Wimbledon, although the American team of 1875 went to Wimbledon after their victory at Dollymount, and a special prize was given for competition among them, which was won by Major Fulton, with a score of 133 out of a possible 150. 4. The Americans were victorious in every international match in which they competed up to the match of 1882, in which the competition was arranged under conditions in several respects different from those which preceded it.

H. S., Chicago, Ill.—John Gully was born at Bristol, England, August 21, 1783. 2. He fought Henry Pearce, the Game Chicken (who was champion of England from 1803 to 1805), at Hallsam, England, October 8, 1805. Pearce won in 64 rounds, fought 1h. 17m. 3. Pearce next fought Tom Belcher for 1,000 guineas and the championship. Fletcher Reid found the stakes for Belcher and Captain Halliday put up the 500 guineas for Pearce. 4. Belcher won the toss and selected Barnby Moor, near Doncaster. The battle was fought in a 20 foot ring on Dec. 6, 1805. Eighteen rounds were fought when Belcher was totally disabled although the battle had only lasted 35 minutes. Belcher was blind as a bat and had to be bled before he recovered his senses. 5. Pearce did jump over the ropes after the battle and entered it again the same way.

S. W., San Jose, Cal.—1. Patsy Hogan is the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent on the Pacific Slope. 2. Yes, there was a pugilist in England named Ryan. He fought Tom Johnson, better known as Jacking, the Corn Porter of Yorkshire, who succeeded Jack Harris to the English championship in 1785. 3. Ryan fought Johnson at Wraybury, England, Dec. 10, 1787, and the battle was a terrific one. After the pugilists had fought twenty minutes, Ryan landed a right hand swinging blow on Johnson's left temple, which came near ending the fight. Ryan was about to end the battle when one of Johnson's seconds, to prevent his *protege* from defeat, rushed into the ring, clenched Ryan, and prevented him from finishing the champion. Ryan lost his temper and his seconds claimed a foul. A wrangle followed and Ryan began expostulating with his seconds, and Johnson during the time came round and challenged Ryan to renew the fight. The referee was about to award the fight to Ryan when he agreed to finish the battle. The fight was renewed and Johnson won. If Ryan had kept his temper he would have won. On February 11, 1789, Ryan and Johnson fought at Rickmansworth, for 600 guineas and the championship of England and Johnson won again in thirty-three minutes.

John McDermott, Pugilist.

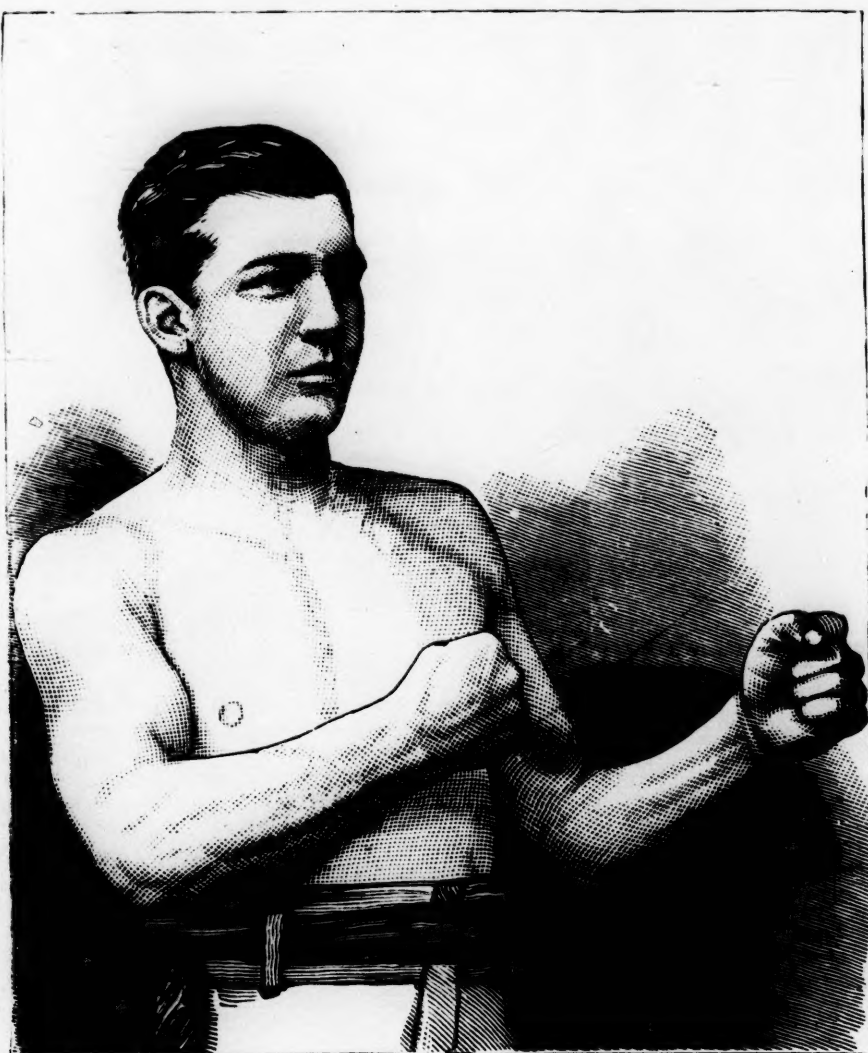
In this issue we publish a portrait of John McDermott, of Rochester, N. Y., the boxer who made such a great set-to with John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, at Rochester, N. Y., April 20, 1882. McDermott stands 5 feet 11 inches, and weighs 140 lbs. He is not only an expert boxer, but he is one of the fire laddies of New York, and he runs with Hose 4, of Rochester. The contest between McDermott and Sullivan was four rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules, in which the champion offered a purse of \$100 to any pugilist that would stand before him during that number of rounds. McDermott was the only boxer in Rochester, N. Y., who had the courage to attempt to win the stake offered by the champion, but he failed to do so.

Pat Logan.

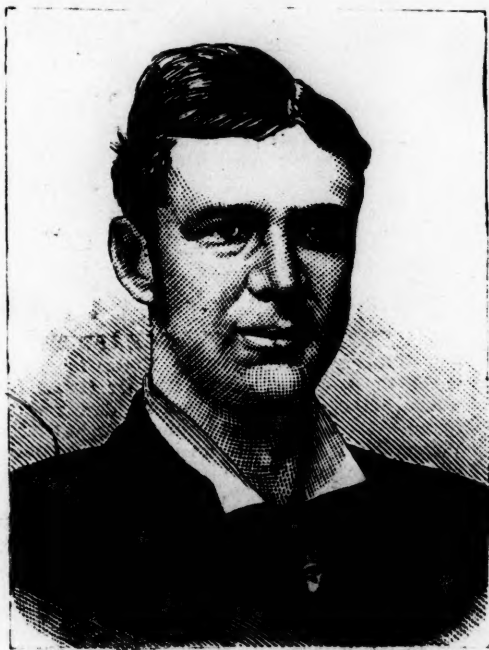
In this issue we print a splendid portrait of Patrick Logan, the champion pugilist of the United States Navy. He was born in Boston, Mass., Oct. 27, 1859. He stands 5 feet 6 1/2 inches in height, and weighs 150 lbs. in condition. He formerly belonged to the United States war ship Constitution, but he is now on board the United States ship New Hampshire, stationed at Newport, R. I. He is a scientific pugilist and fought several battles. His last contest was with Jack Leonard, for the light-weight championship of the Navy and a champion belt, when he was defeated in thirty minutes. Since he has been ready to fight anybody and holds the championship.

Thad. Meighan.

In this week's POLICE GAZETTE will be found a portrait of Thad. Meighan, the well-known light-weight pugilist and rough-and-tumble fighter, better known to the sporting denizens of New York, Brooklyn and New Jersey as "Dublin Tricks," Jr. Meighan stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, weighs 140 lbs., and is a well-

**MIKE CLEARY,**

WHO KNOCKED GEORGE ROOKE "OUT."

**THAD. MEIGHAN,**

A YOUNG PUGILIST AND ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE FIGHTER OF WILLIAMSBURG, L. I.

built muscular athlete. He has won several battles in the prize ring, having defeated Billy Curran, at Glen Cove, L. I., and Jack Sheppard, of Cahoes, and other celebrities of the prize ring. Meighan's last battle was with Dan Marlow, alias the Bull Dog, of San Francisco, Cal. The pugilists fought a desperate battle lasting twenty-five minutes, and Meighan was declared the winner. In March, 1892, he retired from the ring and he is now engaged by Richard K. Fox to do the painting of the POLICE GAZETTE signs throughout the country. Meighan resides at Williamsburg, N. Y., and he is the terror among the many disciples of the pugilistic world who reside in that section.

A Battle in a Jail.

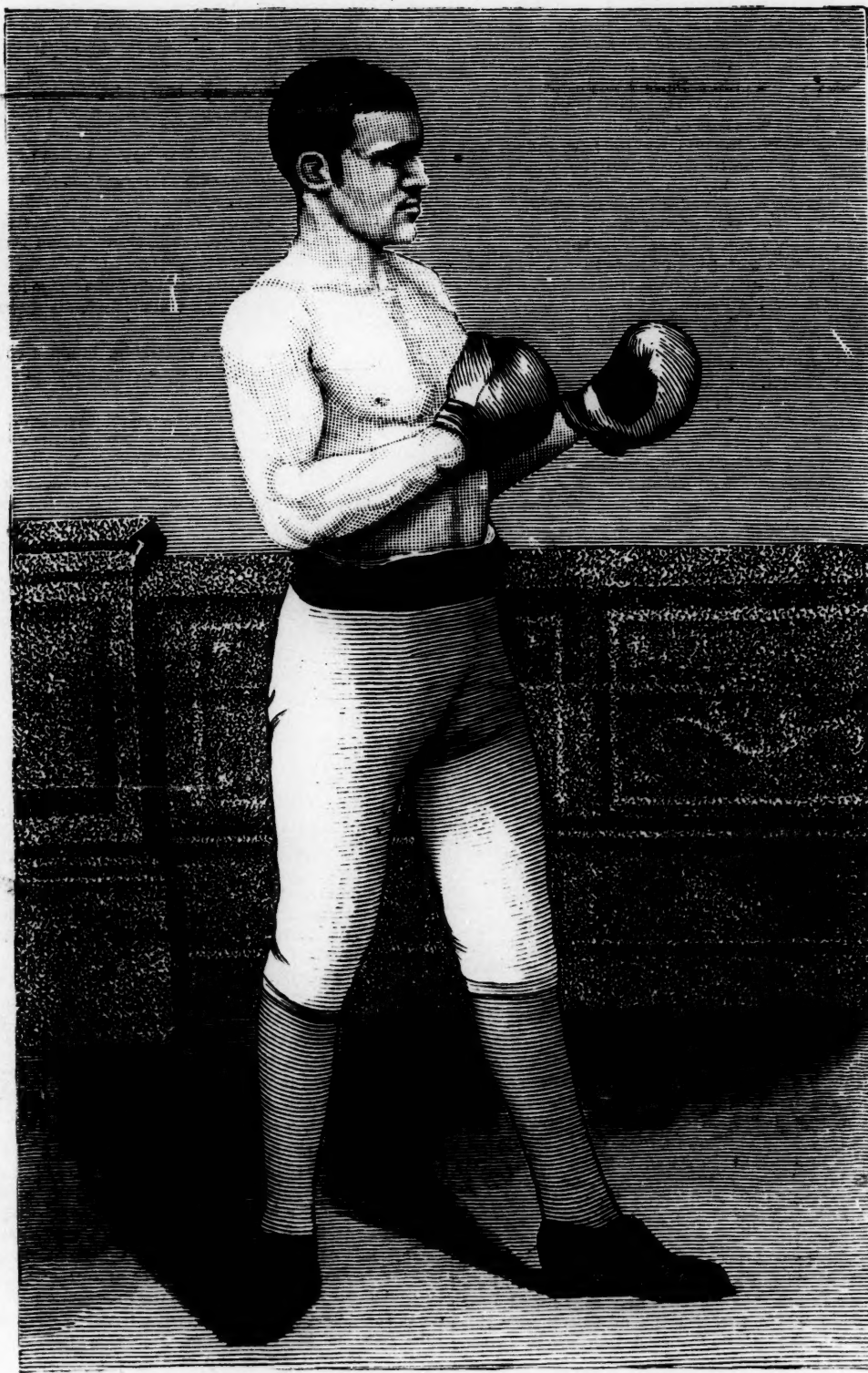
They had a lively lynching party in Evansville, Ind., on October 11th. A mounted mob galloped into town, charged the jail under fire of the garrison, and carried it by storm. While the fusillade was going on between the garrison and the crowd, a party of the latter used chisels and sledge hammers on the doors. They wanted Redman, the wife murderer, who, when the jailer told him they were coming, pleaded piteously for a revolver that he might sell his life dearly. While the lynchers were hauling out their prisoner, the jailer had sent out an alarm of fire and an engine coming furiously down the street collided with and overturned the buggy in which the strangers had placed Redman. The band then came to a halt in some disorder and someone suggested that he be put on horseback. The leader forbade this, and commanded that he be killed on the spot. One of the band seized a sledge hammer and dealt Redman a powerful blow on the head, felling him to the ground. At this point Chief Pritchett arrived on the scene. One of the mob ran up to him and said: "Go away from here, Pritchett, we don't want to kill you," at the same time snapping a revolver in his face, but his hand was knocked up in the air before the

weapon was discharged. By this time several officers were on the ground, who, without the orders of their superiors, opened fire on the rapidly retreating mob. The mob fired as they retreated. They were well armed. A regular pitched battle was fought on Third street. The result of the battle was Redman was killed where he was stricken down with a sledge hammer. Over two dozen balls entered his body. It was at this place that David Murphy, a brother-in-law of the murdered woman, met his death. The mob were so intent on killing Redman that they fired helter skelter through their own ranks. It was then that Murphy found his death; he was astride a gray horse, which started down Third street with the remainder of the mob, when they left.

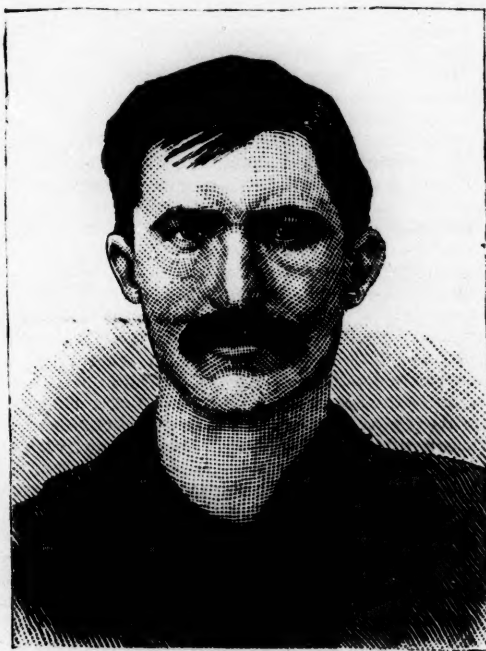
Two men suspected of having been members of the lynching party, one of them a brother of the woman Redman murdered, were lodged in jail, and there are rumors that another attack will be made on the jail to rescue them.

Pythias Comes to the Front.

Here's a fine romance from Brooklyn. Talk about your Damon and Pythias! Here's a seventeen years' old boy who sees him and goes him a point better. The romance involves three families of the aristocratic 19th ward of the city of churches, whose cause of warfare was explained in the course of some law proceedings before Judge Reynolds in the City Court the other day. Here it is: Margaret Savage and Andrew Van Size were children together, and played like innocent daflings on the streets and in the vacant lots. Time wore on and they became something like lovers. They met each other on the corner and walked around the block and squeezed each other's hands. When Margaret was just sixteen and Andrew was just seventeen, Margaret's mother made a discovery which surprised her. She communicated it to her husband, and Margaret was called on to explain. She confessed her sin and implicated Andrew Van Size. There was a terrible hubbub.

**PAT LOGAN,**

CHAMPION PUGILIST OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

**JOHN McDERMOTT,**

THE FIRE-BOY PUGILIST OF ROCHESTER, N. Y., WHO FACED THE CHAMPION.

The two families were roused up to indignant and bitter warfare. Andrew, however, it is alleged, admitted the justice of the accusation, and thereupon his friends went to work to get him out of the scrape as best they could. In the employ of Andrew's father was a youth named Weeks, just Andrew's age. He and Weeks were sworn friends—Damon and Pythias on a reduced scale. To Weeks Andrew went and after challenging his affection and reminding him of all the good times they had had together and so forth, asked him if he was prepared to make a sacrifice to friendship. Weeks responded at once like a man and said there was nothing he would not do for one whom he loved so well. Then Andrew disclosed to him the trouble that had befallen him, and asked him as a small favor to marry Margaret. Young Weeks for a moment was staggered, and said he would think about it. Then some attractive female friends of Andrew got round Weeks, as alleged, and coaxed and wheedled him into marrying Margaret. She was similarly influenced, and so the thing was settled, and Weeks and the girl and some friends sailed away to the parson's and were spliced. Then Margaret went home.

By and bye when it was found that the little job did not work so well as was expected Margaret, now Mrs. Weeks, goes before Justice Nether and makes a complaint against Van Size and he is summoned to show cause why he should not provide for the child which is expected. Margaret likewise began a suit against Weeks to have her marriage with him declared null and void, on the ground of fraud, etc. In this remarkable dilemma Weeks, like a young hero, came up once more to the help of his friend and sued out a writ of habeas corpus to get possession of his wife. This is what was before Judge Reynolds. Margaret was in court and as she swore that she was in nowise restrained of her liberty Judge Reynolds dismissed the writ.

A TEXAS DUEL.

Two of the desperadoes who have made Texas infamous by their lawless conduct got up a characteristic scene in the outskirts of Tucson, the other day. They had ridden into town for a lark. They were Bill Smilie and James Coates, mortal foes; and neither had any idea that the other had selected the same time to go on his periodical spree. They met in town before the bibulous festivities got fairly under way, and went at each other with bloody intent on sight. There were two ladies passing at the time, rigged out in fresh finery modelled after the latest fashion plates from New York. They were the fall fashions too, for this scene occurred about the 2d inst. Each of the men seized one of the ladies, and held her as a shield before him while he popped away at his antagonist, whenever in the struggle the fluttering skirts of his captive exposed him to the fire. They emptied their pistols without doing any harm. Then the spectators rushed in and seized them and the rival mobs of desperadoes settled the matter amicably in a big drunk. The ladies didn't faint, but stood their ground and did a good deal of mental swearing in the womanly way over



CHARLES DORSEY,

ALIAS MOORE, NOTED DESPERADO OF CALIFORNIA,
CAPTURED LATELY IN INDIANA.



T. J. DUNKLE,

THE LAST OF THE KEWANEE, ILL., BANK ROB-
BERS, CAPTURED AT BUTTE CITY, M. T.

he passed with Emma in the bachelor apartments he had fitted up in the rear of his drug store. While he slept, however, the cunning woman arose, went through his pockets and read several letters that convinced her he had another flame—a country girl living near Lebanon, Ky. The next day the young woman sold all her jewelry and her millinery store and went in pursuit of her lover, who had started half a day ahead of her. She got off his track at Lebanon, but finally ran him down. Then it was too late, for he had married the daughter of a well-to-do farmer named Simons the very night of her arrival and the wedding festivities were in progress when she reached the house. As the bride was disrobing in the bridal chamber some one climbed a ladder placed against the house and fired a shot through the window at her and then escaped unseen. The prints of a woman's gaiter boot were visible in the soft earth at the foot of the ladder. There are no other proofs. The bride will not die, but will be an invalid for the rest of her life, the shot having so affected her spine that she is partly paralyzed. The excitement created by the occurrence is intense, and hopes are entertained of running down the person who tried to murder the young bride.



A BRIDE MAIMED FOR LIFE.

THE TERRIBLE REVENGE OF A JILTED WOMAN ON HER FAITHLESS SWAIN, WHO
SNEAKED AWAY TO MARRY A KENTUCKY COUNTRY BELLE.



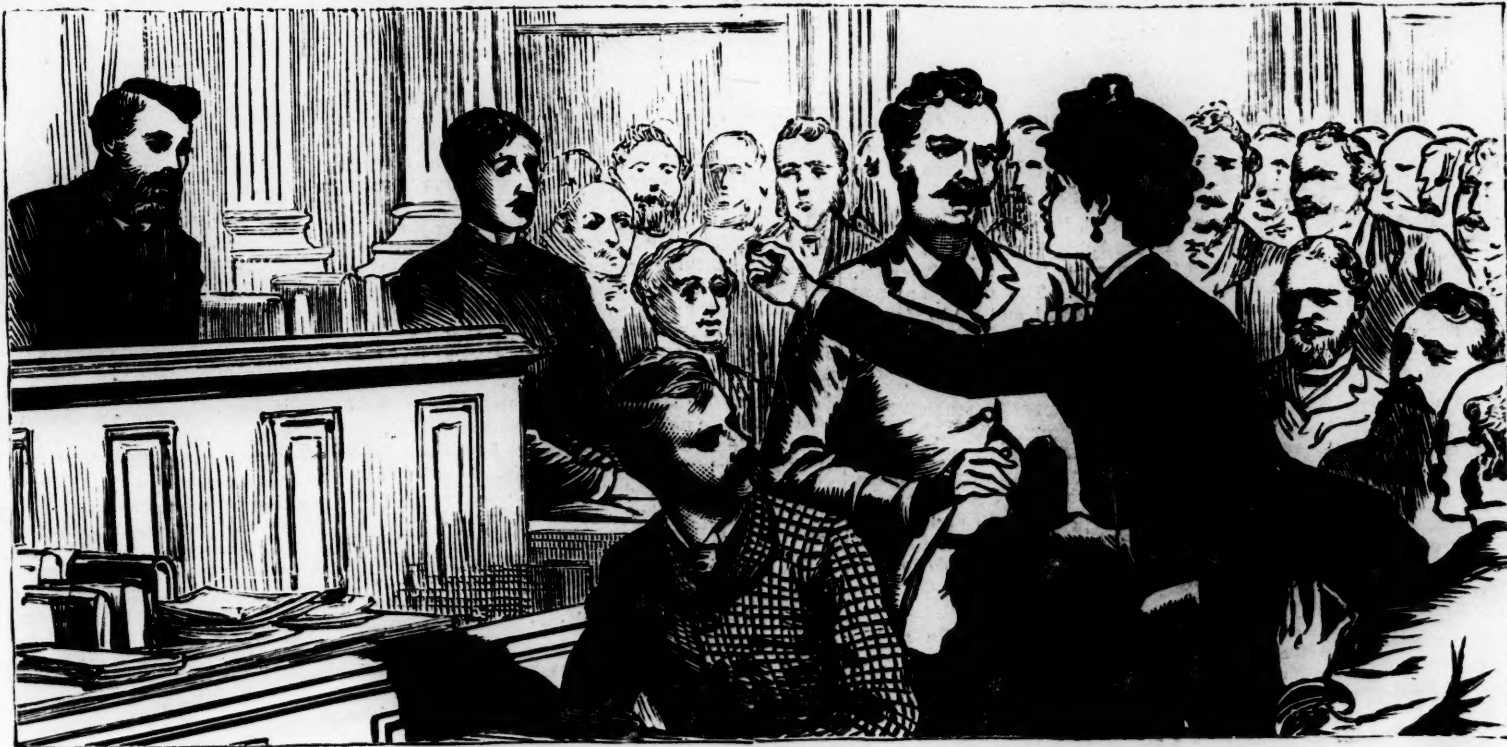
A TEXAS DUEL.

TWO CHIVALROUS DESPERADOES ENGAGE IN A PISTOL FIGHT NEAR AUSTIN, USING
TWO PROMENADING LADIES AS SHIELDS DURING THE BATTLE.

their soiled dry-goods, and if the ruffians hadn't made good their retreat before the extent of the damage had been investigated, it isn't a dead sure thing but that the two furious damsels would have set upon and given them the sound drubbing they deserved. A nice place is Texas under the rule of the moral Legislature.

A Bride Maimed.

A little over two months ago, a young man named Arthur Littlefield left Omaha on a trip to the east, promising Emma Skants, a young and pretty woman, with whom he had been on intimate terms, that he would return heart free as usual. She had a lurking hope that in the end he would take pity on and marry her, but despite his protestations of affection he had no idea of going so far. The night before he went away



A DRAMATIC SCENE IN COURT.

MISS PRESBOTT, THE ACTRESS, BREAKS OUT DURING THE TESTIMONY OF A WITNESS WHO GIVES SHOCKING DETAILS IN A NEW YORK COURT.

Honor Among Thieves.

The Younger brothers were interviewed lately in prison at Stillwater, Minn., in regard to the surrender of Frank James, the famous bandit, whose pals they were in many a bloody and daring enterprise. They declined to say a word tending to commit Frank in the Northfield bank robbery. On the contrary they claimed to have a letter from him, received at that time from Texas, which they had answered through a newspaper, the original of which they would produce as part of an alibi proof. They appear to be very much attached to Frank, and swear that they would not betray him for their freedom—not for any consideration whatsoever. The remnants of the band still cling together, and the old principle of honor among thieves still obtains.

SPORTING NEWS.

CRIMES OF THE CRANKS.

Men and Women who have made Insanely an excuse for Murder. By the author of "Guileless Crime," "The Assassin's Doom," "Secrets of the Tomb," "Great Crimes and Criminals of America," "Lives of the Poisoners," "Exposé of the Bandit," "The Murderesses of America," etc., etc. By mail 30c.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William street, New York.

FRED STONE, the noted sprint runner, with Moulton, the sprinter, is in town.

WM. SEXTON and Maurice Daly are to engage in a billiard match for the Roche emblem.

CHARLEY McDONALD, who trained Paddy Ryan with Johnny Roche, is now residing in Cincinnati.

PROF. HUNDREDS, the famous English pugilist, has opened a saloon near the Spread Eagle, Kingsland Road, London, Eng.

GEORGE ROOKE says he is anxious for another bout with Cleary. Well, we suppose the Philadelphia gladiator will accommodate him.

KETTLEMAN, the fastest 100-yard runner in America, passed through this city on the 17th, en route for Bill Armstrong's at Romeo, Mich.

JEMMY WRIGHT, the English pugilist has challenged Tommy Smith, of Manchester, Eng., to fight at catch-weights, for £25 or £50 a side.

JAMES WEEDEN, the pugilist who recently fought Owen Maloney and is out on bonds, will be tried next month at Columbiana County, Ohio.

THE prize fight between Pat Perry and Jimmy Carney, for £100 and the light-weight championship of England, is creating considerable interest in England.

It is reported that W. R. McNally, the short-distance runner, who is winning so many races is no other than Chas. Melvor, the noted Canadian sprint runner.

LOUISVILLE talks of having a spring meeting in 1933 of twenty days' duration. Over \$50,000 will be hung up. It is proposed to have a straight half mile, if possible.

THERE will be a 50-mile amateur go-as-you-please, given by the North Side Athletic Club, at Woods' Athletic Grounds, Williamsburg, on Thanksgiving Day.

JAMES KEENAN, mine host of Boston, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Oct. 12. Keenan brought on his trotter, Frank, to enter the West Side, N. J., races.

BILLY EDWARDS, the ex-champion light-weight pugilist, has returned from St. Mary's and is again at his headquarters, corner of Thirtieth street and Sixth avenue.

AT Peoria, Ill., the Madden and Sullivan boxing combination were not allowed to give an exhibition. The authorities in that vicinity do not believe in physical culture.

THE 300-yard race between Frank W. Homan of Danvers and John H. Murphy of New Bedford, for \$500 a side, was run at Danvers, Mass., Oct. 6. Homan won in 32½ seconds.

THE scull race which was to have come off Oct. 16 on Fushing Bay, L. I., between Elliott and Riley, for \$1,000, was postponed on account of the roughness of the water.

TOM CANNON is ready to wrestle Wm. Muldoon a bona-fide match, Graco-Roman, for \$500 or \$1,000. Cannon says Muldoon is afraid to wrestle either himself or Whistler.

CAPT. JAMES DALTON writes that he was ready to box James Elliott at the latter's benefit at Chicago on Oct. 14 but Elliott did not want to meet him and objected to the gloves.

JACK KEENAN of Philadelphia and Jim Ryan made a great set-to at the Alhambra sporting theatre, Oct. 17. Keenan offers to fight any 120 to 124 lb. pugilist in America for \$1,000.

ON Oct. 14 Paddy Ryan in full ring costume tried his mauls in a boxing match with Jimmy Elliott at the latter's exhibition in Chicago, Ill. Ryan appeared to good advantage.

MCLAUGHLIN stands at the head of the winning jockeys during the present season up to the 12th of October, with 75 races to his credit. Wm. Donohue is next with 50 and Stoval third with 42.

PATRICK LEONARD of Painted Post defeated John Kennedy of Corning, N. Y., both amateurs, in a five mile run at Corning, Oct. 14. The victor's time was 30m. 18s. and he won by a quarter of a mile.

PUSHER VAUGHN, of Cohoes, N. Y., is now looked upon as a pugilistic champion. He recently offered to fight Dick Egan, the Troy Terror, but the latter became terrorized and refused to meet the Pusher.

AT Phoenix Park, Dublin, on September 30, a bicycle race of 50 miles, for the championship of Ireland, was won by W. M. Woodside, in 4h. 14m. 20s.; J. M. McCormick, second, 4h. 17m. 14s.; R. M. Berry, third, 4h. 23m. 20s.

FRED ERNST of Germantown, Pa., (25 yards) won the quarter mile handicap at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, Oct. 16. Time 50s. David Adair of Philadelphia, 32 yards, was second; James Wheat, Pittsburgh, 27 yards, third.

JOHN H. CLARK, the retired pugilist, has made great alterations in the Olympic garden, corner of Eighth and Vine streets, Philadelphia. He is always ready to engage athletes and his sporting resort offers great attractions.

BILL WARD, of the Goldsmith Arms, Goswell Road, London, who brought out and trained many champion pugilists, including Bill Hayes, Jerry Noon, Joe Goss, Jack Rooke and Patsey Reardon, had a well attended benefit in London, Eng., on Oct. 18.

SAM BERRY, the 140lb. champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, offers to give any wrestler in America ten pounds and wrestle him catch-as-catch-can for \$250 a side. He bars Acton and Bibby. Berry called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on October 19th.

JAMES MURPHY, of Louisville, Ky., offers to

back either of his yearling fillies, one by Bullion—Jesamine Porter, the other by Billet—sister to Bengel, against any colt or filly of laer age, to run three furlongs, or half a mile, at Lexington or Louisville, for \$1,000, \$250 forfeit.

ON Oct. 12, at Irving Hall, New York, Clarence Whistler publicly announced that he would give Wm. Muldoon \$500 if he would appear at his, Whistler's, benefit on Oct. 18 at Madison Square Garden and win one fall Graco-Roman. Muldoon was present but did not reply.

G. M. L. SACKS, of the Manhattan Athletic Club of this city was introduced as W. G. George, the English champion, at the Canadian championship meeting. He was filled with champagne, and many of the Canadians said anybody could see he was a great runner by the shape of his legs.

WE have letters for John Hughes, Clarence Whistler, Edward Hanlan, J. Carney, Frank Rose, Harry Jennings, Arthur Hancock, John Donaldson, C. McDonald, R. Toner, Capt. Paul Boynton, Fred Rogers, Frank McGuigan, Michael Hook, Viro Small, Owen McCarty, Wm. England.

THE great athletic contest for the championship of America, between Thomas F. Lynch and Duncan C. Ross, takes place at Stapleton, S. I., on Nov. 6. The match will consist of a series of seven feats of strength, and the winner of the majority will be awarded the stakes, \$200 a side.

PROF. JOHN H. CLARK and Mike Cleary called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on October 19. It was their first visit to our sporting rooms, and the POLICE GAZETTE sporting picture gallery was a surprise to them. Cleary did not appear to plume himself much over his great victory over George Rooke.

FRANK WHITE, the feather-weight champion, offers to fight Jack Keenan, of Philadelphia, for \$1,000. He also challenges George Holden to fight for the same amount. White will have a benefit at Madison Square Garden in November, and will box with George Fullames, the light-weight champion of Canada.

PROF. JOHN F. CLARK, accompanied by Mike Cleary of Philadelphia, called on Richard K. Fox recently. After the distinguished pugilist left the POLICE GAZETTE office it was rumored that Mike Cleary had decided to re-enter the prize ring and that he would shortly issue a challenge to fight John L. Sullivan.

MIKE CLEARY, the coming champion pugilist, is to be tendered a grand testimonial benefit at Madison Square Garden, next week. Sporting men will witness Cleary again meet George Rooke in a glove contest that will be worth a long journey to witness. All the boxers from Philadelphia and New York will participate.

In the wrestling tournament at Bethel, Vt., October 17, George W. Flagg, of Braintree, Vt., won the belt and the championship for heavy-weight wrestling and a purse of \$500 in gold. W. W. Montgomery, of Fairfield, Vt., won the belt and championship for light-weight wrestling and a purse of \$250 in gold.

A WRESTLING match was arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently between Henry McGrath of Brooklyn and Martin Dempsey. Articles of agreement were signed for the rival athletes to wrestle collar-and-elbow, best two in three fair back falls, for \$100, the match to be decided at Wood's Athletic Grounds, Williamsburg, on Nov. 14.

THE Sporting Life of London says: Punch Callow, of Somerstown, hearing that Harnetty, of Fulham, has expressed a wish to meet him, Callow will box at 9 st. 6 lb. or 132 lbs. in six weeks from signing articles, for a trophy, value \$100 or \$200; each man to contribute half of the money to purchase the cup. Callow will meet Harnetty at any time and place he may think fit.

THE prize fight between Pat Perry and Jimmy Carney resulted out of a boxing match between the rivals at Carney's exhibition at London, Eng., recently. Perry, it is reported, bested Carney, who challenged him to fight. Perry agreed to fight for \$100. The pugilists met, and all arrangements were made to fight in December for \$100 a side and the light-weight championship.

WM. SHERIFF, the "Prussian," Denny Harrington and Wm. Krufton, the 81-tonner, are coming to America. Sheriff will fight any man breathing on his arrival. Of course he will, providing he finds anyone foolish enough to back him. Tug Wilson gave parties ready to back pugilists a dose of medicine and we suppose his side partner is trying to catch some of the fish that Tug did not catch.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN knocked S. P. Stockton, a burly pugilist, out of time at Fort Wayne, Ind., on Oct. 16. Stockton weighed 180 pounds, was a taller man than the champion, and he was confident that he could stand up for four three minute rounds. In the first round Sullivan measured him. In the second round the champion knocked Stockton clean off his feet and he lay like a log on the stage.

ON November 13 and 14, Bob Jackson's great all United States 135 yard championship foot handicap, will be run at Clifton race track, near Paterson, N. J. Entries close Nov. 4. The prizes are \$200 to first, \$50 to second, \$20 to third, and \$10 to fourth. This is the opportunity for sprinters. Entries received at POLICE GAZETTE office, Harry Hill's, Arthur Chambers', or Bob Jackson, Passaic, N. J.

ALL the San Francisco papers are confident that the time taken in the recent Haley-Masterson 100-y. rd race at the Olympic A. C. Fall meeting, is correct. The *Spirit of the Times* says: "The three watches indicated 9½, 9.45 and 10 seconds. The time-pieces used for the occasion were two ¼ second and one 1-5 second. The official time given was 9.45 seconds, being the fastest amateur time on record." We do not believe the time was made, and if it was the distance was short.

FRANK WILSON, "The Mouse," the well-known and clever British feather-weight, will shortly leave England for America, and on Sept. 18 he was to take a farewell benefit at the Hopple Inn, Birmingham. Wilson was born July 17, 1844, stands 5 feet 3½ inches in height, weighs 110 pounds, and has fought numerous battles, beginning in 1865, his engagements including a victory over Dick Goodwin, 65 rounds, 1h. 45m., Sept. 29, 1868.

JERRY DONOVAN, the ex-middle-weight champion pugilist and famous second now keeps a sporting house in Cohoes, N. Y. On Oct. 15th he was presented

with a gold headed cane by the stove-mounters and pattern-workers' union of Troy in acknowledgement of services rendered by Mr. Donovan at their picnic a short time ago. On the head was engraved: "Presented to Jerry Donovan by the S. M. & P. W. Union of Troy, Aug. 21, 1932." Mr. Donovan is proud of his handsome present.

It appears strange that Brown, the Boston policeman's representative should publish a card in the Boston press, claiming that he was "refereed" out of his recent match with Quigley, champion wrestler of the finest police force in the world. He claimed that he never selected Harry Hill referee, did not want him to act, etc. The truth of the matter is two shoulders constituted a fall; Quigley won on his merits and Harry Hill was agreed upon by both parties and his decision was an honest and fair one.

PUGILISTS of Pennsylvania will please note that Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, has forwarded to Arthur Chambers, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, a POLICE GAZETTE gold medal which represents the middle-weight boxing championship of Pennsylvania. The trophy is on exhibition at Chambers' sporting house, and all middle-weight pugilists are eligible to enter for it. It will be boxed for Marquis of Queensbury Rules, four rounds, and it will become the personal property of any pugilist winning it three times.

THE 440 yard handicap for \$50—\$35 to first, \$10 to second and \$5 to third—promoted by Arthur Chambers, was decided at Pastime Park, near Philadelphia, on Oct. 16. Wm. Booth was referee, Joe Acton on the marks and Arthur Chambers pistol frer. In the final heat the following ran: Fred Ernest, Germantown, 25 yards' start; David Adair, Philadelphia, 32 yards'; James Wheat, Pittsburg, 27 yards'; J. H. Meehan, Fairmount, 23 yards', and J. Tate, Germantown, 42 yards'. Ernest won, Adair second, Wheat third. Time 50 seconds.

AT Pastime Park, Philadelphia, on Oct. 16, the first great dog handicap running race for the gold dog collar presented by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, which represents the dog racing championship of America, was decided under the able management of Arthur Chambers. The distance was 200 yards and the race for the trophy was a grand success. The following is the summary:

First heat.—1. Wm. Hadfield's blue bitch Annie, 18½ pounds, 2½ yards. 2. Arthur Chambers' br. bitch Let Her Come, 20½ pounds, scratch. Won by 2½ yards. Second heat.—James Sykes' white and black dog Shotover, 11½ pounds, 18½ yards. Run over. Final heat.—1. Wm. Hadfield's blue bitch Annie, 18½ pounds, scratch. 2. James Sykes' white and black dog Shotover, 11½ pounds, 18 yards 13 inches. Won by ¾ yards. Time, 12½ seconds.

WRESTLERS ambitious to win and wear the title of light-weight collar-and-elbow wrestler of America will now have a capital chance and opportunity to arrange a match. Michael Donahue of Brooklyn, the winner of the POLICE GAZETTE medal, which represents the light-weight collar-and-elbow wrestling championship of America, is eager to meet any wrestler in the world. On Oct. 19 Donahue, with James Patterson of 221 street and Seventh avenue, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, deposited \$50 with Richard K. Fox and left the following challenge:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 19, 1932.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

SIR: In your popular sporting journal I have seen several challenges issued by wrestlers who claim to be light-weight champions and I take this opportunity to answer all of them. I will wrestle any man in America, POLICE GAZETTE rules, 140lbs., four weeks from signing articles, for \$250 a side, Taylor of New Hampshire I will wrestle in Boston or New York and give or take \$50 for expenses, or Carroll of Losick Falls I will wrestle on the same conditions in either Troy or New York. To show these parties that I want no hippodrome business I am willing to wrestle in private, each one to take five men a side and go in a room or hall and wrestle. There are now fifty (\$50) dollars of mine in your office to show that I mean business. Either one of these gentlemen accepting my challenge I will meet, or their representatives, at the POLICE GAZETTE office any time they name to sign articles and appoint a referee.

MICHAEL DONAHUE,
Light-weight Champion of America.

THE great dog fight for \$1,000 and the championship of the world between Charles Lloyd's, better known as Cockney Charley, dog Pilot and Daly's dog Ned was fought within a short distance from the City of Churches on Oct. 20. The conditions were for the canines to battle a fair scratch-in-turn fight, POLICE GAZETTE rules, at 27lbs., for \$500 a side. Pilot is the famous English fighting dog that won the great battle with Crib for \$2,000 and the championship at Louisville, Ky., in Nov., 1891. He was looked upon as invincible and ever since that great battle Cockney Charley has been eager and ready to match him against any dog in the world at 27lbs., give or take half a pound. After the match was made numerous wagers were laid on the result. On Oct. 19 when Cockney Charley and the Boston delegation arrived we informed them at the POLICE GAZETTE office that Pilot would be beaten but they merely smiled. The battle created no little interest and between four and five hundred persons assembled to witness the mill. Geo. Saville, better known as Sheffield George, who trained and handled Pilot when he killed Crib at Louisville, trained and handled Ned, while Cockney Charley trained and handled Pilot. Betting before the fight began was 100 to 80 on Pilot and the odds were readily taken by the enthusiastic supporters of Ned, who were confident he would win. The battle was one of the most exciting and desperate fights ever chronicled in the history of dog fighting. Pilot out-fought Ned at the start but the quick fighting soon told against him. Pilot fanged himself and Ned began to out-fight him. For over one hour the battle raged furiously, when the referee on being appealed to by Cockney Charley allowed him to unfang Pilot and then the battle was renewed. It was patent to all that Pilot lacked stamina and was beaten and the followers of Ned now laid long odds that he would win. Pilot continued to fight but it was up hill work, for Ned finally got a death grip on Pilot and was killing him, when cries of "Give in, Charley" were echoed all around the pit. Charley agreed to draw his dog for \$25 and Sheffield George agreed and the dogs were separated and Ned declared the winner. The fight lasted 2 hours 2 minutes and thirty seconds. Many were glad Pilot was beaten. About \$3,000 changed hands on the result.

ON July 31, at Kansas City, Jack Hanley

of Colorado and Andy Sweeney of Kansas City signed articles of agreement to fight for \$500 according to the rules of the London prize ring. Ed. Silk of Pueblo, Col., was made final stakeholder. After the match was made both pugilists went into training, Sweeney being under the care of Andy Riley, while Jack Gallagher looked after Hanley's interests. Both men had fought before in the orthodox 24-foot ring and as each had a large number of admirers considerable money was wagered on the result. Sweeney is a famous heavy litter in which role he has several times exhibited himself to Kansas City audiences. He is 5ft. 8in. in height and though burdened with flesh at present he tips the beam at 165 when in fighting trim. He has three times entered the ring and twice has emerged victorious. His first fight was with Andy Horton at New Orleans in 1876. Forty-three rounds were then fought and though each combatant showed the effects of the terrible battle Sweeney finally knocked his man out of time on the 43d round. His next null was at Bayou La Fouché in the fall of the same year. Dave Turner was his opponent. At the tenth round Turner went down and Sweeney was declared the winner. The next match was with Tom King at Algier near New Orleans. Both men fought hard at this contest, but after two hours of hot work a draw was declared and with this fight Sweeney retired. Hanley arrived at Kansas City recently, challenging the fighters of the place, and Sweeney decided to accept. Sweeney for some time past has been looked upon as the champion pugilist of Kansas City. In July, 1882, Jack Hanley arrived there and boasted he could whip all the fighters. Sweeney agreed to fight him and a match was made for \$500 and he went into training. Hanley, like his opponent, has also been bruised in struggling for fame and glory within the magic circle. He stands 5ft. 8½in. in height, and weighing 173lbs. untrained. His fighting weight is about 160. He is very compactly built, and has also had his successes in the ring, but declines to give a pedigree. His first fight, however, took place in Indiana, about ten years ago, in which he soundly thrashed his opponent. In Mobile a short time after he again had a fight and punished his man badly. His last fight took place in Colorado, not long ago, his opponent being Jack O'Neil, who fought Con Owen in his time. Hanley has never been defeated. On July 31, 1882, at Ed. Silk's Casino, Pueblo, Col., Hanley was matched to fight Andy Sweeney, of Kansas City, for \$500 a side, and he went into training under the mentorship of Jack Gallagher. Hanley is a muscular well formed pugilist and possessed of great stamina. On October 16, the day set for the battle, great interest was manifested over the affair and Kansas City was the Mecca of sporting men who were eager to see the fight. The battle ground was selected within ten miles of Kansas City. J. B. Carew, of St. Louis, was chosen referee, and Ed. Silk officiated as stakeholder. Hanley was seconded by Pat Clancey, of Colorado, and John Hughes, of Chicago, and Sweeney's seconds were Harry Riley and Tom Gibbons, of Kansas city. Hanley won the choice of positions and selected the southeast corner. Time was called at 7 o'clock, and Sweeney was first to shy his castor into the "squared circle," immediately followed by Hanley. Both men were in superb condition, Hanley tipping the beam at 170 lbs., stripped for the fight, while Sweeney was more bulky, weighing 182. The betting was very near even, slight odds being given on Hanley. Three rounds were fought in ten minutes and fourteen seconds, and the fight and money were awarded to Sweeney on an accidental foul by Hanley at the beginning of the third round. As the two men came to the scratch on the first round it was seen that though Sweeney was much the larger man, Hanley was the more active and more compactly built.

ROUND 1.—The first round opened with some cautious sparring, lasting fully a minute, each man evidently suspicious of his adversary and feeling for an opening. Hanley was first to begin work, getting in two light taps with left and right on Sweeney's frentis-plece. After several heavy lunges by Sweeney, which were neatly parried by Hanley, the former got in a heavy one on the latter's ribs, which was countered by Hanley on Sweeney's neck. Some rapid sparring followed, in which several body blows were exchanged and Sweeney sent a sockdologer from his left at Hanley's right visual organ, which was quickly dodged by the latter, who closed with his man and threw him, ending the round. Time, five minutes. After this round the betting was \$5 to \$1 on Hanley. ROUND 2.—Both men came up to the scratch fresh and smiling at the call of time. There was some preliminary sparring for an opening, which was brought up short by a rush to close quarters by Hanley, followed by some rapid infighting, in which each man did some heavy work on his opponent's chest and ribs. Both men sparred for wind after this break, when Hanley led with a heavy left-hander on his adversary's chest, Sweeney countering heavily on Hanley's ribs. Further rapid, though cautious, sparring followed, when Hanley again forced the fighting by rushing in on his antagonist, and for a short time there was some fast and heavy slogging on the body, neither apparently getting the best of it, when Hanley landed a right-hander on Sweeney's neck and drew back. Sweeney pressed up closely and led for Hanley's nasal organ, but his reach was short and Hanley caught the blow upon his guard, and repeated his tactics of the first round by closing with Sweeney and downing him by a cross-buttocks hold. Time three minutes and fourteen seconds. Hanley was still the favorite in the betting.

ROUND 3.—Both men toed the mark confidently, and opened up at once with rapid work, exchanging severe blows upon the body, neither man endeavoring to do much damage on his opponent's face. Hanley led out smartly for Sweeney's ribs, when he slipped and his blow struck below the belt. Sweeney's seconds claimed a foul. Hanley remonstrated that it was entirely accidental, and no damage had been done, but the referee decided that under the rules of the London prize ring, which governed, Sweeney was entitled to the money. Time, two minutes.

Hanley was very much dissatisfied with the result of the encounter, and at once challenged Sweeney for either a ring fight or glove contest, and the "def" was immediately accepted, the fight to take place within the next three weeks. In talking with Hanley after the scrimmage, he said he felt very sore over the result, but was anxious to meet Sweeney again or any other man in the state. He feels positive but for the accident he would have made short work of Sweeney in two more rounds. Sweeney did not have much to say about the fight, but admitted that he thought the foul was accidental, and said he was willing to have continued the fight, but his seconds advised the contrary. He was confident that he would have won anyway.

FRANK WILSON, "The Mouse," the noted English pugilist, had a benefit at Alf Greenfield's Sporting House, The Swan with the Two Necks, Livery street, Birmingham. He made a great set-to with Harry Hills.

THERE was a tremendous race at Lexington, Ky., Oct. 16, between Budd Doble's brown stallion Monroe Chief and W. F. Anderson's bay mare Rosa Wilkes. The stallion won the first heat by a head in 2:29 1/2; the mare won the second in 2:19 1/2 and the third in 2:19 1/2; the fourth heat was dead in 2:20 and the stallion won the fifth and sixth, time of each heat 2:23 1/4.

At East St. Louis, Mo., on Oct. 8, Jack Brady and Patrick Shepersen fought at catch weights according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for fun. Shepersen is about 5ft. 10in. in height and weighs 160 lbs., while his opponent who scales the beam at 135 is only 5ft. 5in. high. The duties of referee devolved on a mutual friend named Thompson. There was but one second on each side, one named Burrell acting for Shepersen, while Johnson guarded Brady's interests. In the first round Brady managed to hit his weightier antagonist a smash in the nose and it seemed to take a good bit of the fight out of Shepersen. Thirteen rounds were fought in 40 minutes when Shepersen, who was battered out of all semblance of humanity was unable to face the music and Brady was hailed the winner. The battle lasted 40m. and the victor was also badly punished.

THE proposed wrestling match between Clarence Whistler, of Kansas City, and Joe Acton, of Philadelphia, the champion, has ended in no match. Acton agreed to allow Whistler \$100 to wrestle for \$1,000 a side and the championship, at Philadelphia, but Whistler's backers, who live in Kansas City, declined to allow him to wrestle any further East than Cincinnati, Ohio, and he withdrew the \$100 he had posted at this office, on October 19, and unless the champion agrees to wrestle in Porkopolis, there will be no match. Sporting men who paid to enter Madison Square Garden on October 18, expecting to witness Wm. Muldoon and Clarence Whistler wrestle Græco-Roman were disappointed. Muldoon claims to be the champion wrestler, and time and again he has announced he could defeat Whistler. The latter came all the way from Kansas City to meet Muldoon, and posted a forfeit with Richard K. Fox and challenged him to wrestle. Muldoon did not accept, and Whistler, to prove he was in earnest, offered Muldoon \$500 if he would meet him and win a fall. The champion failed to appear, probably knowing he could not defeat Whistler. Muldoon's admirers were certain he would make the attempt to defeat Whistler, when the latter was betting \$500 against nothing that the champion could not gain a fall. The disappointment of the crowd was somewhat appeased by Billy Edwards and Professor Jordan making a lively set-to, and a first-class exhibition of wrestling by Whistler against Cannon and McCarthy. Christol and Whistler also gave a grand exhibition of strength, going through the manual of arms, substituting a one-hundred-and-sixty-pound bar of iron for a rifle.

AT Schenectady, N. Y., on Oct. 16, there was considerable excitement among the fancy and patrons of boxing. Dick Egan, the Troy Terror, weighing 215lbs., had engaged Anthony Hall and offered Sullivan, Elliott or any other pugilist that could knock him out in four three-minute rounds \$100. The announcement created no little excitement and it was announced there that George Rooke of New York was going to box the Terror; so sporting men from Hoosick Falls, Albany, Utica and Lansingburgh journeyed thither. The city of Cohoes boasts of a bruiser who rejoices in the name of "Pusher Vaughan, the Cohoes Pet." He is a strapping boxer 5ft. 10in. in height and weighs 190lbs. He quickly decided to meet the Terror and with a few friends he quietly went to the show that night. The door-tender demanded a ticket when the Pusher came to the door, but he gave that official a push, threatening to annihilate him and walked in yelling, "I'm Pusher Vaughan and I came to down Egan." It is needless to say Pusher occupied a front seat during the preliminary boxing. Several pugilists were ready to box Egan for the \$100 and F. C. Corbin of Schenectady offered to fight Egan for fun or for the money, at the same time flourishing a \$20 bill. Vaughan then arose and said he came there from Cohoes to taste the Terror's style, but Egan refused to meet him. Wm. J. Shipman of Little Falls, a noted bruiser, then arose and said he would box Egan. Shipman was not as tall, muscular or tough looking as either Corbin or Vaughan, and Egan, to appease the threatening demonstrations of the crowd who were calling him uncouth names, decided to box Shipman. After a short delay the rivals in fighting costume entered the ring. The Terror gulped down half a pint of brandy, rubbed his chest and strutted up and down the stage like a reporter who has aspirations towards high tragedy. In a few minutes the referee called time and the pugilists faced each other.

ROUND 1. Egan put up his hands and before he decided whether to lead with his left or right Shipman, who has science, landed a straight left-hander on the Terror's nose. Shipman's blow drew the claret and the Terror was nonplussed. Again Shipman landed right and left on the Terror's face, and following up the advantage he sent in the blows furious and fast. The Terror's sweeping blows were evaded and Shipman continued to make a chopping block at Egan's face until he ran off the stage.

ROUND 2. Egan was bleeding from the nose and mouth and fought wildly. Shipman kept cool and continued to jab his left with tremendous force into Egan's face. Suddenly he shot his right and it landed square on the Terror's jaws and sent him staggering to his knees. Egan recovered his balance and bore down on his antagonist like a three decker. He again was smashed on the nose and again ran to rest amid yells of "Kill the Terror, Billy."

ROUND 3. On time being called for the third round the police entered the building but finding that there was intense interest in the matter they decided to only witness the affair. Shipman measured the Terror when he came up to the scratch. After a lively exchange Shipman plunged his right with tremendous force from his shoulder. It landed with a thud on Egan's neck. The Terror stiffened up and fell like a log. He was insensible.

The crowd and police made a rush for the stage and it was all the police could do to protect the Terror. It was a long time before he recovered. The crowd demanded their money back and Egan had to be taken to police headquarters to prevent Pusher Vaughan and his gang from assaulting him.

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The Trade



A WARM RECEPTION

EXTENDED TO A FOREIGN STAR WHO UNDERTOOK TO ENTERTAIN THE NEW YORK CRITICS AND FOUND OUT A GREAT DEAL MORE ABOUT THEM THAN SHE HAD EVER DREAMED OF BEFORE SHE GOT THROUGH.